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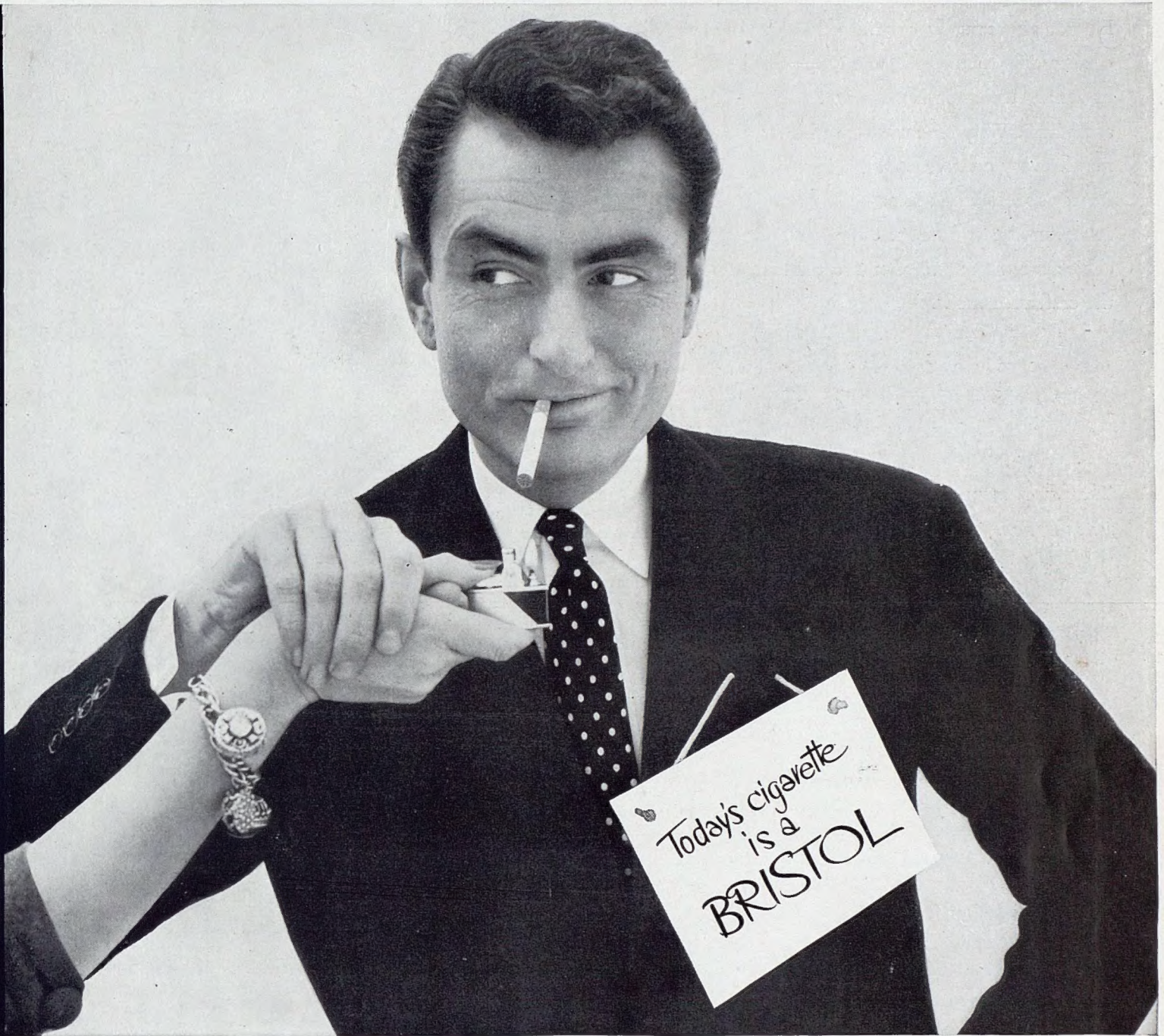
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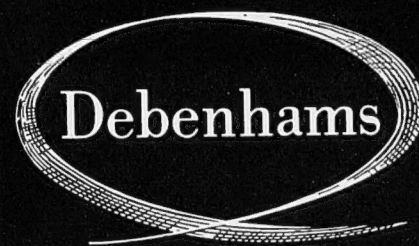
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Vol. CCXXXIII No. 3031

30 September 1959

On Monday a Swiss Fortnight begins in London, with activities ranging from a quadrille by the Swiss Cavalry School at the Horse of the Year Show to a sale of Swiss *objets d'art* at Sotheby's. So this week's COVER FEATURE, **Switzerland comes to town**, is by way of a curtain-raiser. Beginning at page 365, it consists of 12 pages of Swiss fashion, Swiss shopping news, Swiss recipes, and Swiss travel tips, plus a list of events.

As the leaves begin to fall the tickets begin to sell faster at the theatre. Hence the fine

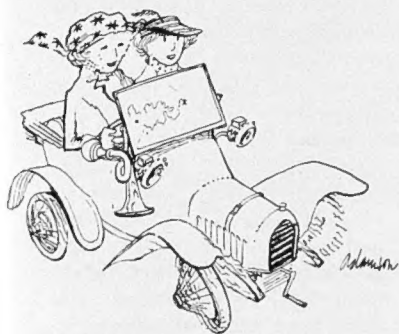
pictures by Alan Vines (pages 360-364). He portrays, and Alan Roberts describes, the extraordinary array of talent that constitutes **London's theatrical producers**. . . . The picture on page 355 is surely the most unusual ever seen of a **sculptor at work**. It opens a set on Lynn Chadwick by Gerti Deutsch.

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. *Subscription Rates:* Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number),

£6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 15s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

NEXT WEEK: The Earl of Lanesborough on the new pheasant-shooting season. . . . How to do right by lady wine-lovers. . . . The North, as seen by a visitor and by a native.

INGRAM HOUSE 195-8 STRAND LONDON W.C.2 (TEMPLE BAR 5444)



Royal Festival Hall. Piano recitals: Myra Hess, 8 p.m., 1 October. Moiseiwitsch, 3 p.m., 4 October. Sergio Fiorentino, 7.45 p.m., 4 October. (WAT 3191.)

"The Merry Widow," London Coliseum. Sadler's Wells Company. 7.30 p.m. (& 2.30 p.m. Saturdays). (TEM 3161.)

ART

Eight contemporary Spanish painters, Ohana Gallery Carlos Place, W.1. To 10 October.

GARDENS

Open 11 a.m.-7 p.m. except where stated. (Sunday, 2-7 p.m.)

Kingsmoor, Titlarks Hill, Sunningdale, Berks. 4 October.

Cerne Abbey, Cerne Abbas, near Dorchester. 4 October.

Wakehurst Place, Ardingley, near Cuckfield, Sussex. 1.30-7 p.m. 4 October.

Oare House, near Marlborough, Wilts. 4 October.

Tree Tops, Heswall, W. Wirral, Cheshire. 8 & 10 October.

CHARITY EVENTS

Life-Boat Bridge Party, Quaglinos, 8.30-12 p.m. 12 October. For tickets (4 gns. table), apply Lady Bird, O.B.E., Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

Dinner, dancing & cabaret evening in aid of the Rural Music Schools Association, at the Pigalle. 8.30 p.m., 21 October. Tickets, £5 5s. single, £8 8s. double, from Basil Douglas, 18 Hanover St., W.1.

Concert at the Royal Festival Hall, by Phyllis Sellick and Cyril Smith, in aid of the Federal Trust, 8 p.m., 12 October. Tickets from the Festival Hall (WAT 3191), and Ibbs & Tillet (WEL 8418).

PRAISED PLAYS

From Anthony Cookman's reviews. For this week's see page 377.

The Crooked Mile. "... the most entertaining English musical comedy that has gladdened the ear for a very long time... warmly recommended to all who go expecting gaiety, wit and charm." Elisabeth Welch, Millicent Martin, Jack MacGowran. (Cambridge Theatre, TEM 6056.)

The Aspern Papers. "... holds the audience from start to finish... an evening of rare and curious pleasures." Michael Redgrave, Beatrix Lehmann, Flora Robson. (Queen's Theatre, REG 1166.)

Lock Up Your Daughters. "... presented in a way that wins the audience... the lyrics are spirited, the music charmingly gay, the playing of the company attractive." Hy Hazell, Stephanie Voss, Richard Wordsworth. (Mermaid Theatre, CIT 7656.)

The Hostage. "... roaring extravaganza... Mr. Behan's pretext for surveying past and present Anglo-Irish relations with a laughing impartiality." Howard Goorney, Eileen Kennally, Alfred Lynch. (Wyndham's Theatre, TEM 3028.)

The Pleasure Of His Company. "... an engagingly bright, sentimental comedy." Coral Browne, Judith Stott, Nigel Patrick. (Haymarket Theatre, WHI 9832.)

FANCIED FILMS

From Elspeth Grant's reviews. For this week's see p. 378.

G.R. = General Release

Ask Any Girl. "... smooth comedy directed with a pleasing lightness of touch." Shirley MacLaine, David Niven, Gig Young. (Odeon, Leicester Square, WHI 6111.)

Gold Of Naples. "... an impression of the vitality, humour and love of life to be found in that city. It passes the time agreeably..." Sophia Loren, Sylvana Mangano, Vittorio De Sica. (Cinephone, MAY 4721.)

Green Mansions. "... a film based on W. H. Hudson's book... I cannot deny that Miss Audrey Hepburn looks quite enchanting... the scenery... is extremely beautiful." (G.R.)

Blue Jeans. "... a sympathetic film, skilfully directed... beautiful performances." (G.R.)

I'm All Right, Jack. "... swingeing satire... blithe enthusiasm... a biting and hilarious film." Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Irene Handl. (Studio One, GER 3300.)

continued overleaf

GOING PLACES

SHOWS SPORTS SPECTACLE

OUT OF DOORS

Polling Day, 8 October.

Pheasant shooting begins, 1 October.

Golf: Ladies' Home International Matches, Hoylake, Cheshire. To 2 October. **Gleneagles Hotel Tournament,** to 3 October. **Ladies' European Match,** Wentworth, Surrey, 8-9 October.

Royal East Berks Agricultural Show, Maidenhead, 3 October.

International Angling Festivals, Weymouth, 3-4 October. Hastings, 3-5 October.

Norfolk Sculling Championship, Norwich, 3 October.

HORSE SHOW

Horse of the Year Show, Empire Pool, Wembley, 6-10 October.

MUSICAL

Coventry Festival of Music, 5-11 October.

Sadler's Wells Opera. Season opens with Giordano's *Andrea Chenier*, 13 October. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. Season opens with *Antigone*, adapted by John Cranko from Racine, 19 October. (COV 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Götterdämmerung*, 2 October. *The Ring*, 5, 6, 8 & 10 October.

"Graphic Art From Poland," Grabowski Gallery, Sloane St. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sundays, 2-5 p.m. To 3 October.

"Seven Centuries of Portrait Drawing," British Museum. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sundays, 2.30-6 p.m. To end of year.

French Impressionist Paintings, the Courtauld Institute Galleries, Woburn Square, W.C.1. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (7 p.m. Thursdays), Sunday, 2-5 p.m.

FAIRS & FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Festival of Art & Literature. To 9 October.

Morecambe Dance Festival, Morecambe, Lancs. To 2 October.

Nottingham Goose Fair, 1-3 October.

Abingdon Michaelmas Fair, 5-6 October.

EXHIBITIONS

Royal Horticultural Society Great Autumn Show, R.H.S. Halls, Westminster. To 1 October.

International Caravan Exhibition, Earl's Court, to 3 October.

"Lighting Your Home," Design Centre, Haymarket. To 7 November.

Children's Book Show, National Book League, Albemarle St., W.1. 1-14 October.



ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Guide to dining out

A SWISS FLAVOUR

C.S. = Closed Sundays

O.S. = Open Sundays

Verrey's, 233 Regent Street, W.1. REG 4495. C.S. Cuisine is now Continental, but Verrey's was founded around 1820 as a Swiss restaurant by a Franco-Swiss refugee whose daughter was so beautiful that "the bucks of the late Georgian era came to drink coffee at her shrine."

The Veglio Swiss Restaurant, 24 St. Giles High Street, W.C.2. TEM 4876. C.S. One of the few London restaurants specializing in Swiss food; an unpretentious

and friendly place run by a Swiss family who serve good food at reasonable prices.

The Montana Hotel, 67 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. KNI 7654. O.S. Is also Swiss, being directed by M. Edgar Bonvin. Here they specialize in Fondue Bourguignonne, which must be ordered for a minimum of two persons and costs 21s. each. It consists of a plateful of small pieces of raw steak which you cook to your personal requirements in an iron pot of boiling oil served between you.

Kettners, Romilly Street, W.1. GER 3437. C.S. This is run (and has been for 18 years) by another member of the Bonvin family, Jean Bonvin—who is still a Swiss national. Felix Bonvin, another cousin, has a large wine business in Sion and sends many Swiss wines to this country. Lucien Bonvin, yet another cousin, is Director of Catering at the Law Society.

Connaught Hotel in Connaught Place, W.1. GRO 7070. O.S. Has a Swiss director, Rudolph Richard. His *maître d'hôtel*, Charles Orsinger, is also Swiss.

Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, S.W.1. SLO 9191. O.S. They specialize in a different chicken dish each day of the week. Their *maître d'hôtel* is another Swiss.

Henry Mittaz, who was at the Carlton Grill for many years.

Charing Cross Hotel, Strand, W.C.2. TRA 7282. O.S. The food is excellent and the cellar has some fine wines. The hotel's destinies are directed by Paul Lehrian, so well known for the many years he spent at L'Ecu de France. He comes from Lausanne.

Glendower Hotel, Glendower Place, S.W.7. KEN 4462. O.S. A family hotel, established 43 years ago by Alfred Schmid, who is now assisted by his son Alfred, Jun. The chef, A. Ritchard, has also been there 43 years. It is noted for its range of Swiss wines and of dishes served in the Swiss manner.

White Lodge, Blindley Heath, Surrey. Lingfield 172. Directed by Henry Bally, who flies the Swiss flag out in the fields on the left as you approach East Grinstead. Several Swiss wines available. Many of the staff are countrymen of the director.

The Savoy, Strand, W.C.2. TEM 4343, has a Swiss general manager, W. A. Hofflin.

The Dorchester, Park Lane, W.1. MAY 8388, has a Swiss managing director, George Ronus. The *maître chef de cuisine* Eugene Kaufeler and the manager of the Grand Ballroom, Conrad Gisner, also come from Switzerland.

PERSONAL CLUBS

YOU HAVE to be a member. I have given the names of the people who can make that easy if the club suits you or, just as important, if you suit the club. They only have one thing in common: you can enjoy yourself without suffering from financial cramp.

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

Albemarle Club, 25 Albemarle Street, W.1. HYD 3454. C.S. "Eddie" of The Albany's own club; friendly place, charcoal grill and bar at street level, restaurant downstairs.

Hanstown Club, 1 Hans Street, S.W.1. SLO 4056. C.S. Small—smart—no music—no radio—no television—the accent strictly on conversation and cuisine. Excellent suite for private parties.

Pheasantry Club, 152 King's Road, S.W.3. FLA 5326. A gay place in the evenings, good food and wines, some excellent Italian dishes, Chianti galore; Mario Cazani and his bull terrier are joint owners.

Renaissance Club, 39a Harrington Road, S.W.7. KEN 7761. Happy-go-lucky, higgledy-piggledy—artist John Flanagan and his wife, Margaret, have kept it this way for 20 years. Good plain food, grills, dancing to a small band on a small floor.



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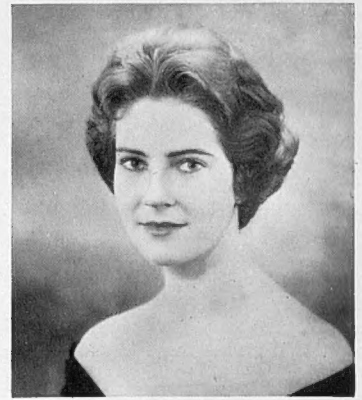


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ENGAGEMENTS AND WEDDINGS



Bogdan—Hopewell: Dr. Natalie Bogdan, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. V. Bogdan, of Kitale, Kenya, married Mr. John Prince Hopewell, F.R.C.S., of Harley Street, W.1, son of the late Dr. & Mrs. S. P. Hopewell, of London, at the Russian Orthodox Church, Kensington, S.W.7



Miss Marcia Kendrew to Capt. Richard Francis Abel Smith, R.H.G. She is the only daughter of Major-Gen. D. A. Kendrew, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., & Mrs. Kendrew, of Campden Hill Court, W.8. He is the only son of Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith, K.C.V.O., D.S.O., & Lady May Abel Smith, Government House, Brisbane, Queensland



Miss Nicola Howie Mitchell to Mr. David Henry Anthony Babington. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. James Howie Mitchell, Hollygrove House, Bushey Heath, Hertfordshire. He is the only son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey Babington & Lady Anne Babington, of Hans Place, S.W.1



Above. Pares—Hay Drummond: Miss Auriol Pares, daughter of Cdr. & Mrs. M. Pares, of Cheyne Court, S.W.3, married Mr. Robert V. Hay Drummond, only son of Mr. G. & Lady Betty Hay Drummond, of Dornoch Mill, Crieff, Perthshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, S.W.7

Above, left. Martin-Turner—Cooper: Dr. Anne Martin-Turner, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Grahame Martin-Turner, Saillards, Ditchling, Sussex, married Dr. Derek Cooper, elder son of Dr. & Mrs. O. Cooper, The Crosses, Great Warley, Essex, at St. Martin's, Westmeston, Sussex

Left. Fellowes—Studholme: Miss Rachel Fellowes, daughter of Capt. & Mrs. W. Fellowes, of Sandringham, Norfolk, married Mr. Joseph G. Studholme, son of Sir Henry Studholme, Bt., & Lady Studholme, Wembury House, Plymouth, Devon, at St. Mary Magdalene's, Sandringham



Miss Felicity Drew to Mr. David John Stanley Rutland. She is the twin daughter of Lt.-Col. A. Drew, R.A. (retd.), of North Cheriton, Somerset, and Mrs. H. M. Drew, Farthings, Fleet, Hants. He is the only son of the late Mr. J. H. Rutland, and the Hon. Mrs. M. W. Hubbard, Crossways Cottage, Sunningdale, Berkshire



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30 SEPTEMBER 1959



Trio of hopefuls: MR. GURTH HOYER MILLAR (left) earnestly explains to his wife a point in his Liberal campaign for South Kensington. Centre: Mrs. Denis Thatcher addresses the Conservative adoption meeting at Finchley where she inherits a substantial majority. Right: Labour's choice for Aldershot is Mr. Roy Brooks, who writes the well-known debunking property advertisements in the Sunday papers

A FIRST LOOK-ROUND IN THE ELECTION

Presenting a strictly unscientific sample of personalities
in the campaign, conducted by Muriel Bowen

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

A chat with Lady Dorothy at No. 10 . . . Why Mrs. Grimond has to be a good sailor . . . The copy-writer's own blurb

TWO THOUSAND MILES BY ROAD, RAIL, and air, shaking innumerable hands, smiling at countless faces (some hostile) whom she has never seen before—and a different hotel bed every night. That is **Lady Dorothy Macmillan's** programme until October 8th. For wherever the Prime Minister goes in his General Election campaign, she told me, Lady Dorothy will be by his side.

"People say, 'Don't you get very tired?'" she said. "But I don't. I enjoy myself so much." Off-minute moments of the tour? "They [she always refers to Tory Central Office as 'They'] tell me that there won't be any. But if there are any I know my husband will dive into Trollope or the classics." He always finds them relaxing when things are hotting up.

We were chatting in the drawing-room at No. 10. It is a splendidly elegant room in misty blue-green—a few good pictures on the walls, a couple of Chippendale occasional tables, and deliciously soft, luxurious settees and chairs. For the election tour she was getting two new hats. "I just *have* to," she said. "But it is a terrible time of the year for buying hats—it's so between seasons." I gathered she didn't like hats much.

I asked about domestic plans during the campaign. The grandchildren? "Fortunately the next batch of birthdays are not until the end of October." The garden (the Macmillans have a large garden at their home at Haywards Heath, Sussex)? "Gardening by post is hopeless so I'm waiting until I get back—and I hope it will have rained in the meantime."

Lady Dorothy's one election worry, however, was on a domestic level. "I do hope," she said earnestly, "that people won't cook a whole lot of elaborate meals for us." It seems the Prime Minister only likes a snack before a meeting and a light meal afterwards—"He's always said he likes a bit of cold meat and salad best." In her grey wool tailored dress and with her quick spontaneous conversation Lady Dorothy exudes a nice, cozy air.

Walking along the crimson-carpeted corridors I met her granddaughter **Anne Faber**, 15, daughter of **Mr. & Mrs. Julian Faber**. "She wanted to meet you," said Lady Dorothy introducing her. "She says they all read *The Tatler* at school. Just imagine it—at their age!" Well, you can't start too young.

DAUGHTERS HELP HIM

The Labour Party leader does his own packing on his election campaign. His wife, **Mrs. Hugh Gaitskell** told me about it. "He always does it himself," she said. "He's much better at it than I am at mine, but I'm improving!" Mrs. Gaitskell appears to be such an orderly woman and always dresses well. But she's not having any new election hats. "Not that I wouldn't like to," she said, "it's just that there is no time." Most women are finding the short campaign a bit of a rush all round.

Because of his tour Mr. Gaitskell will have little time in his Leeds constituency. "Julia is doing more there than any of us in the constituency," said her mother. "She's canvassing, helping with paper work and doing what she can." Julia, the Gaitskells' elder daughter, is at Oxford reading politics, philosophy and economics. The other daughter, Cressida, 17, is also politically minded. She's canvassing in a London marginal division her mother told me.

A ROWING JOB

I talked to **Mrs. Jo Grimond** (she's a daughter of **Lady Violet Bonham-Carter**) and mentioned Lady Dorothy's worry about hats. "Up in the Orkneys," she said, "it's just a case of having something which won't be blown off your head." Orkney & Shetland is no joke of a constituency—and sometimes the Grimonds have to take to their row-boats. "A lot of the little islands can only be reached that way—fortunately I'm a good sailor," she told me.

As for the others, "we fly from one group to another," she explained, "and go by steamer to the bigger islands." Sometimes they travel eight hours a day.

Because of the election Mrs. Grimond's garden is suffering. "The grass is getting sky high," she said. Mowing it is her husband's hobby.

A LULL IN PARTIES

What of wives of the men you will hear most about if the Tories, as expected, get back? **Mrs. Iain Macleod**, wife of the Minister of Labour, keeps house in her husband's Enfield division. She is tall, dark, gentle and almost frail. She's been a polio victim and wears a steel brace on her leg.

continued on page 350



Yevonde



ARSON was suspected at the H.Q. of Miss Joan Vickers, Devonport Conservative

Top: DESPITE TELEVISION an adoption meeting can always count on a good turn-out, and rapt attention



DOORSTEP TECHNIQUE in action by Mrs. (Margaret) Thatcher in Finchley. She may be one of the few new Conservative women in the new House of Commons. Below: Pavement prospecting by Mr. Roy Brooks, of Aldershot. For all his liveliness the odds against are high



Sport & General



HELPING FATHER with canvassing is Julia Gattskell. She is reading politics at Oxford



TELEVISION FAME helps—or so hopes Mr. Christopher Chataway, N. Lewisham, Tory

MURIEL BOWEN

concluded

But the thing you notice most is that, like her husband, she's got an agile, inquisitive mind. When I called she had just spent the morning on the Senior Bench, and was heading for a spot of canvassing ("I always refer to it as 'calling'—I don't like the sound of 'canvassing'.") With the children to get back to school and a hospital bazaar, she won't be able to tour with her husband.

Mrs. Reginald Maudling, wife of the Paymaster-General, was in the midst of moving their four children from their flat in London to their house in the country. The Maudlings are the most social pair in the Government. Nobody in London appears to give a party without inviting them. Many people wonder how he finds the time. But civil servants in his department say he's the cleverest Minister for whom they've ever worked. "Incredible what he can get through in a couple of hours," they say.

There are virtually no parties in London until after 8 October. Hostesses guessed.

VETERAN—AND NEWCOMERS

Pin-up of the party professionals at election time is Mr. "Ted" Heath, Conservative Chief Whip, whose Bexley division is the best organized in the country. He is also the Prime Minister's great confidant and friend, the man he dines with at the Turf Club. And as if that weren't enough, he's at the top of everybody's list for promotion if the Tories get back. After our meeting Mr. Heath was off in the rain to do 8½ hours' canvassing.

Mr. Heath is jolly, plays the piano ("no time during the election") and sails ("friends' boats"). As Chief Whip he is appropriately

guarded about committing himself. Example: How does he view the avalanche of young Tories who will come from safe seats as result of this Election? "They'll be useful."

That looks like being the least that could be said for Mrs. Denis Thatcher who is petite, blonde, and 34. She has already fought twice in a hopeless place (Dartford) and now she's got Finchley (Tory majority last time: 12,825). Finchley Tories like to visit Mrs. Thatcher and her husband (he's a company director) at their home in Farnborough, Kent—not just to talk politics but to eat some of Margaret's superb lemon soufflé. She's a woman of many parts, formerly a chemist by profession, now a barrister, and also the mother of six-year-old twins.

In Devonport, another interesting woman: Miss Joan Vickers. She won the seat from the Labour publicist, Mr. Michael Foot, by 100 votes, and is battling with him again. "She's a good Member, works very hard, and a hard candidate to beat," says Mr. Foot generously. Miss Vickers reports: "I had a bigger adoption meeting than last time, about 375 to 400." Both candidates say the result will be very close—neither would admit expecting to win. (Fashion note from Miss Vickers: "The weather is marvellous down here—I've been wearing a white hat.")

In Scotland last week I found jubilation at the Labour headquarters in Glasgow—they hope to win three seats. There are also hopes among the Tories that they will win Central Edinburgh. "My wife and I have done a great deal of canvassing," said Mr. Norman Wylie, 36-year-old barrister and Tory candidate. In neighbouring East Edinburgh the

Countess of Dalkeith, wife of the Tory candidate, talked like many young wives of candidates. "I do what I can in the constituency," she said, "but I have small children and they must come first."

THE DOG GOES WITH HIM

Valiant fighters against odds—and having fought a 20,000 majority last time, I know how it feels!—include Mr. Roy Brooks, the fashionable estate agent, who is contesting Aldershot for Labour (Tory majority in 1955 was 9,572). Mr. Brooks's election address is as entertaining as his advertisements of houses in the Sunday newspapers. It is full of cartoons from *Punch*. Mr. Brooks keeps 31 assorted pets, and one of them, an Alsatian, Judy, accompanies him on canvassing rounds. Unfortunately she has taken to chasing cats. "Can't understand it," says Mr. Brooks. "I sent her away to be educated and they didn't teach her to differentiate between a Labour and a Tory cat!"

Another hard slog faces Mr. Gurth Hoyer Millar a Liberal. He is tackling a 25,247 Tory majority in South Kensington. "Many more Liberals than you would think in South Kensington," reports Mr. Hoyer Millar, 30-year-old barrister and rugger player. His aim: "To come second."

REVISED DANCE DATES: Mrs. Grey Hatherell's dance for her daughter Caroline, announced for Saturday, 10 October, in an earlier issue, will in fact be on Monday, 12 October. Lady Birkin's dance for her daughter Jenny has had to be postponed and will now take place at the Empress Club in Berkeley Street on 10 March, 1960.

BRIGGS by Graham





Guests had supper and danced in two marquees opening out from Mrs. Stuart Don's house in Oxfordshire, where she gave the dance with Mrs. Tom Willes



DÉBUTANTES DANCE

at a coming-out for Miss Virginia Don
and Miss Olda Willes given by their mothers

*Miss Virginia Don, Miss Olda Willes
and Mr. John Baynes at the barbecue*



*Miss Jeanette de Vigier (she had a
dance in June) with Mr. Mark Armitage*



*Miss Milet Delmé-Radcliffe, from
Hertfordshire, with Mr. David Brooke*



*Mr. John Rogerson with his goddaughter
Wendy, who is Virginia Don's sister*



*Miss Caroline Vachell and Mr. Gay
Gardner in the lantern-lit garden*



Miss Kit Tatham Warter passes Scone Palace on Mrs. T. Rivers Bulkeley's Tillaul in the preliminary section

HORSES and HORSEPOWER



The Earl of Mansfield (right), who lent his estate in Perthshire for the Trials, with the Hon. Rodney Berry



Mrs. Andrew Drummond Moray with the Master of Reay and his younger sister the Hon. Margaret Mackay



The Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry, who has just bought her first horse which will race on the flat next year



Miss Gillian Morrison who won the open section on Major Hudson's Roly. Her fiancé is Capt. Jeremy Beale

“PEOPLE IN ENGLAND FORGET THAT there are horses north of Edinburgh,” said Lt.-Col. M. J. Lindsay, organizer of the Central Scotland Horse Trials at Scone Palace. “We not only have good horses in Perthshire, but we breed great girls to ride ‘em!” Sure enough, though there were horses and riders from Durham, Norfolk and Oxfordshire, it was the Scottish girls who shone. Miss Gillian Morrison, blonde and beautiful fiancée of Capt. Jeremy Beale of the 4/7 King's Dragoon Guards (they marry in Scotland early in the New Year), won the championship Hallyburton Cup on Major J. H. Hudson's Roly. The intermediate event went to British team rider Miss Anelli Drummond-Hay on Major Derek Allhusen's grey mare Celeste, and the preliminary to Mrs. G. B. McAulay on Mr. D. Jamieson's Tipperary. Mrs. McAulay, whose husband also rode, was pointed out to me as a very brave woman. “She'd ride any horse over the course,” the locals said. “Even if it had only looked through a bridle once.”

Scone, picturesque and challenging, is a wonderful setting for Horse Trials. The countryside, which rolls like an ocean swell, sets many problems for horse and rider. For spectators there was the heather blooming on the roadside banks and the wonderful backdrop of the Palace itself, all its dusty pink grandeur spotlighted by the setting sun.

After the trials there was a buffet reception in the cricket pavilion. The Earl of Mansfield was there, with his daughter Lady Malvina Murray (busy handing round sausage rolls). Others were Miss Cynthia Graham Menzies, who went on to horse-trial successes in Durham and Ayr the following week; that great all-rounder Miss Kit Tatham Warter, who said her new mount Mrs. T. Rivers Bulkeley's Tillaul was

TAKING A BREAK FROM PURSUING POLITICIANS, MURIEL BOWEN AND DESMOND O'NEILL REPORT THE HORSE TRIALS AT SCONE (OPPOSITE) AND AT CAMBERLEY (THIS PAGE)

a horse of "tremendous promise"; Col. Michael Borwick, the Hon. Rodney Berry & Mrs. Berry, Mr. & Mrs. Robert Hall, and Lady Hermione Roberts.

That places like Scone are lent for horse trials contributes mightily to the mounting and financing of our Gold-Medal-winning Olympic Team. "We're delighted to make the land available for the Trials," said the Countess of Mansfield. "But it is Col. Lindsay who is the organizing genius behind riding in Perthshire—I don't know what we'd do without him."

HORSES AND H.P.

Horses and cars got together at the Horse Show run jointly by the Camberley Staff College and the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Thirty-six old cars were exhibited by the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain. Some were as dashing and interesting as the horses. Mr. P. C. Newens's 1904 Star emerged from under a bombed house in Ramsgate in 1951 when the local authorities were clearing the site.

With so many good-looking cars around, the horses had difficulty in holding their own, all except the dappled grey Little Model ridden by Mrs. V. D. S. Williams. He dethroned Mrs. Lorna Johnstone's Rosie Dream, three years champion, to win the National Dressage Championship. It was a performance with great *joie de vivre*. "Quite brilliant," said the applauding dressage experts.

Mrs. Williams's prowess in both astride and side saddles puzzles many people. Few women can ride equally well in both. Mrs. Williams's answer: "Practice. I've been riding in both saddles since I could walk!" The steady improvement in dressage—it was virtually unknown here 12 years ago—has set many people asking if we will be putting our first ever Dressage Team in the Olympics next year.



Staff-Sgt. E. Scattergood, one of the Royal Military Police team, practises for tent-pegging (with lance) on his mount Gladys



Mr. D. R. Gilbert with Mr. E. H. Taverner in his 1907 De Dion Bouton meets S/O. P. Potter



Miss Gillian Soames later took part in a display by the Pony Club, now over 26,000 strong

AUCTION FEVER

BY LADY CAYLEY

who comes back with the strangest things—

a roll of carpet, a locked box, a mantelpiece

—but every one a bargain, of course

THERE are two kinds of people who go to auction sales. First there is the kind that comes back (or claims to have done) loaded with Sheraton workboxes, Hepplewhite chairs and so on picked up for a song. And then there's my kind. I come back encumbered with parrot cages, incomplete gents' dressing-cases, mixed useless parcels of china and (once) a vast double wardrobe bought by mistake for a rather pretty flower vase. What with one thing and another—including tipping an aged Father William from the swollen ranks of the employed to get the larger items home on "me little barrer"—the rather pretty flower vase cost me around a tenner.

For years a chum has dined out on the triumph of a walnut tallboy bought in an outdoor sale in a thunderstorm. With her nurse pressed into reluctant service as navigator, she tore madly across country undeterred by cloudbursts, floods or the baby hourly expected. The tallboy was being auctioned as she arrived and a bid of £3 got it. Later that evening, while she gave birth, her husband refused offers of £10, £20 and finally £30 from purchasers who had reached the sale dryfoot but too late. They, too, it would seem had failed to remark that the tallboy's sides and back were deal.

This year I have been haunting auction sales in quest of a bargain in carpeting to deaden the sound of my children's fairy footsteps. Modelling myself on the professionals—wall-eyed dealers, or ladies adorned with small moustaches and their husbands' caps skewered firmly over

curling pins (they fearlessly argue the toss with the auctioneer and stalk off in triumph with "just the job for my second back")—I arrived armed with measurements, colouring and an inflexible maximum. The exact thing fell to me suspiciously cheaply. Couldn't someone have told me it was being sold in price per square yard?

Pitying my discomfiture, a kindly porter thrust a small carved locked box into my arms: "'Ere love, full of fivers." We felt the intentions of my daughter's suitor must be serious when he used up three days and nights and roughly 300 keys in opening it for me. A packet of safety pins lay within.

Meanwhile, my chum—as ever one jump ahead—discovered a junk yard. Well, really a three-acre field piled with settees, bedsteads (grass growing through the springs), gas cookers, ladders, tables,



"I've been window-shopping"

chairs, sanitary fittings and bedpans. (Never have I seen so many bedpans.) From a clump of nettles she disinterred a child's Queen Anne rocking-chair, offered 9d. and got it. For £3 10s. a "little man" repaired and re-upholstered it. Brocade (£4 a yard) completed the transformation. Her 9d. rocking chair is greatly admired.

Climbing over mounds of washstands and rusty remnants, I in turn found treasure—a mantelpiece of white marble. Quantities of white marble. Certainly I could have it, said the junk-dealer, if I could get it away. Largesse saw it man-handled into the boot, and with ominous groaning of springs I drove home—to find, most unfortunately, my husband in the yard. A more auspicious moment than just before lunch would have been preferable. Larger Twin, assiduously lowering half a hundredweight of marble upright on to his gouty toe, did little to help. After an unusually respectable meal—relieved, thanks to a Brownie picnic, of his children's stimulating presence—my husband relented enough to direct the half-day Garden Obliger and myself in the reassembly of the pieces.

It early became apparent that at least two marble mantelpieces had gone towards this pile and, even to the eyes of faith, some essential pieces were lacking. How to get it from the Channel Isles to its destined niche in England? As personal luggage with B.E.A. it was clearly out. Time spent mellowing the man next door, reported to be sailing by night boat, was wasted when he discovered what I *actually* wanted him to convey. A yachting son-in-law was a possibility, but there still remained the base-to-harbour, harbour-to-base problem. Finally a removal firm coped and the marble mantelpiece set off on its long journey home. There was of course the question of the bill, consisting of crating (£2 15s.), plus transport charges by weight. There was also the question of the cost of replacing missing pieces, pulling out the existing eyesore, enlarging the cavern in the chimney breast and fitting in my treasure—not to mention the osteopath's fees for attending to my back after the wrench of lifting my treasure.

When one day we sit around that fireplace in our Yorkshire home, it will always to my husband be "the mantelpiece that had to have the house rebuilt around it." To me, as I sit and dream, it will remain the mantelpiece I picked up for five shillings.



SCULPTOR AT WORK

GERTI DEUTSCH PHOTOGRAPHS LYNN CHADWICK AT HIS GLOUCESTERSHIRE MANSION

SCULPTOR AT WORK *continued*

Lynn Chadwick, internationally famous for his modern sculptures like the dog (*below*), had a one-man show which drew crowds in Zurich this summer. He lives in a rambling early Tudor manor house where he works in the chapel (*overleaf*) during conversion of the stables into a studio. Another conversion job (Chadwick began as an architect) is the room in the Victorian wing (*right*) where he is seen relaxing with his wife Frances and their baby Sarah on a wide dais-like hearth. The roof of the house, with its pinnacled ornamentation, gives broad views over the rolling Gloucestershire landscape







NEWS PORTRAITS



Alan Vines

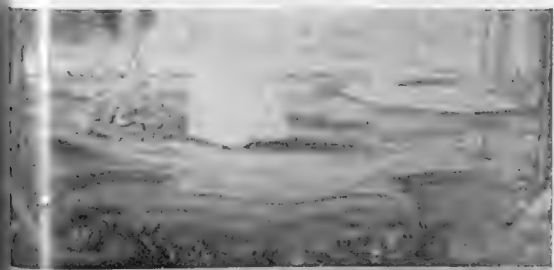
RESCUE PLAN Lieut.-Col. Charles Leofric Boyle, chairman of the Survival Service Commission of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature, has played a large part in collecting funds for Operation Noah—the waterborne rescue of wild animals made homeless by the flooding of the Kariba Dam in the Zambezi Valley. As secretary of the Fauna Preservation Society he raised over £9,000. Colonel Boyle was photographed with his wife in the garden of their Hampstead home



ROYAL NEWS Princess Paola, wife of Prince Albert of Belgium, is expecting a baby next spring. The news was announced soon after their return from a 2½-month honeymoon in Spain. If their child is a boy he will become second in line of succession to the Belgian throne (Prince Albert is heir-presumptive to his brother King Baudouin). A baby princess could not become Queen as the monarchy descends only in the male line



Erich Auerbach



REALIZED DREAM Theatre-lovers gathered (*above*) for the opening at Moresby in West Cumberland of the Rosehill Theatre—Britain's "Glyndebourne of the North"—a £20,000 non-profit-making venture that has been the dream for five years of its founder, 45-year-old Hungarian textile magnate Miki Sekers. The 200-seat theatre (owned by the Rosehill Arts Trust Ltd. under the chairmanship of Major-General Sir John Kennedy) differs from the Surrey prototype in that performances will include concerts, plays, recitals and prose readings as well as opera. Dame Peggy Ashcroft seen (*left*) with Mr. Sekers, opened the theatre with a poem specially written by Christopher Hassall. Horn-player Barry Tuckwell appeared with the Mozart Players conducted by Mr. Harry Blech (*above, left*). Yehudi & Hephzibah Menuhin, Elizabeth Söderström, Clifford Curzon, Sena Jorinac, Jacques Fevrier and Claudio Arrau will all be appearing during the 1959-60 season and Sir John Gielgud and Emlyn Williams will give prose readings

Under new direction

The names in lights have changed little in a decade but a whole new school of directors is shaping the future of the London stage. **ALAN ROBERTS** introduces some of them here. The photographs were taken by **ALAN VINES**

Eleanor Fazan seen (right) with Beryl Reid and Patrick Wymark, two of the stars of the revue *One To Another*, graduated to directing shows like this through dancing and choreography. Born and educated in Kenya where her father was an administrator, she came to England at 16 and studied ballet at the Sadler's Wells school and the Cohn-Ripman School. She scored a success as a dancer in *Intimacy At 8.30* at the New Watergate club theatre and was asked to direct another revue at the same theatre. She did the choreography then took over the complete direction of the hit *Grab Me A Gondola*. Her next show was *Share My Lettuce*, her only straight play, *Paddle Your Own Canoe* and her last big musical, *Chrysanthemum*. Miss Fazan is the wife of revue writer and composer Stanley Myers and she gave up dancing after the birth of their son now aged three. She gets results by carefully working over the book of a show before the rehearsals begin and inviting "reciprocal ideas" from her cast. She is now preparing the choreography for a new Norman Wisdom film and is hoping to do many more West End plays.



A MAJOR CHANGE HAS BEEN occurring in the nature of West End theatre during recent years. It is a change that may not be easily recognized by those who regard the theatre primarily as a place for stars to shine, for the biggest names at the top are still the same as they were ten years ago—Olivier, Richardson, Gielgud, Redgrave, Evans, Ashcroft, Thorne-dike, Leigh and so on. And though names like Osborne, Behan, Delaney and Wesker are familiar in Shaftesbury Avenue and its environs they have by no means completely displaced those of such tenacious hangers-on as Coward, Rattigan and Home. But when we turn to the realm of the director the scene is different. Here new names abound, and predominate, at the top. Since Peter Brook first made apathetic theatregoers sit up in their stalls little more than ten years ago a new generation of directors—young, clever, and earnest—has been irresistibly taking over and turning our theatre into a director's theatre. A major part in this process has been played by the Arts Theatre, which gave Peter Hall and Peter Wood their big chances, and by the Royal Court, which has brought on Tony Richardson, John Dexter and several others.

By "director's theatre" is meant theatre in which the director is not just a technician who gets the play on to the stage but is an artist who interprets, filters and sometimes metamorphoses the author's work. The extreme case of this type of director is Miss Joan Littlewood. Often working from a basic idea supplied by an author, she evolves the greater part of the plot and the dialogue during production. Miss Littlewood, however, is a law unto herself. Her method is not recommended to lesser mortals. The great danger for any artist-director is that he will be tempted to make his own mark rather than that of the author; that in his keenness to express his own personality or even to make an artistic splash for himself he may make a play little more than a vehicle for his own ingenuity.

Fortunately most of the directors discussed in the following pages believe that the best way to work is in close collaboration with an author whose ideas and feelings command their sympathy and respect.

If this attitude prevailed among all directors the ideal theatre, in which author, director and actors (in that order of importance) have their correct values, would not be far off.



Moss Hart still thinks of himself primarily as a playwright. This in spite of the fantastic success of *My Fair Lady*, which he directed and continues to direct both here and in America and which has probably brought him more financial reward than all his 19 plays together. Hart, now 59, regards his work as a director only as a sociable escape from the anti-social pursuit of authorship. His first

play was put on in Chicago when he was only 19. There followed a fruitful decade of collaboration with George S. Kaufman which produced eight comedies. In 1941 he wrote and staged his own *Lady In The Dark* and the same year played the lead in *The Man Who Came To Dinner*. Since the war he has written many screen plays. As a director he is smooth, persuasive but down-to-earth. The Method is fine, he says, for actors who are not working.



John Dexter seen (above) with Arnold Wesker and Christopher Sandford is one of four associate directors of the English Stage Company. Just as Tony Richardson's success has been closely bound up with the Royal Court Theatre and John Osborne so Dexter's has been harnessed to the Court and Arnold Wesker, all three of whose plays he has produced—*Roots*,

The Kitchen and *Chicken Soup With Barley*. Dexter, 34, says of his role: "The director should be no more than a committee chairman whose opinion is by no means final. He should work as closely as possible with the author from the earliest possible stage, soaking up the text. And he should help actors to express what they feel about their roles—most of them are halfway there anyway." He now plans a musical

UNDER NEW DIRECTION

continued

Jerome Robbins

seen (right) with two of the stars, Marlys Watters & Don McKay, conceived, choreographed and directed *West Side Story* and in so doing raised the stage musical to the status of an art form. With a singleness of purpose close to genius this 40-year-old ex-chorus boy has worked to become the best choreographer-director in the world. He took his first ballet lessons at 17 (paying for them by scrubbing the studio floor). In 1944 he teamed up with the then unknown Leonard Bernstein to create *Fancy Free*. Success snowballed for him and at one time last autumn five shows in which he had a hand were running in New York. Earlier this month London had a flying visit from his *Ballets U.S.A.* company. Robbins has no time for mock-modesty. He says: "I'm known for my humour and sense of the theatre. I'm known for never over-ornating or belabouring or boring, for a certain amount of integrity and for vitality." For the rest, Robbins drives his actors and dancers hard and they love it.



Peter Wood directs the new production of *Five Finger Exercise* at the Comedy Theatre. He is another of the clever young men who have come down from Oxford and Cambridge in recent years to supply the blood transfusion needed by the post-war London theatre. As a boy at Taunton School he acted in school plays but the acting bug never obsessed him. At 15, he produced Eugene O'Neill's one-act *Where The Cross Is Made* which must

have made a lasting impression that helped when he faced the task of directing *The Iceman Cometh* last year. Yet it was an actor, Laurence Olivier in *Richard III* at the New Theatre in 1944, who opened his eyes to the greatness of the live theatre. At Cambridge he produced Shakespeare, then came down to become assistant stage manager to *Seagulls Over Sorrento*, to direct television shows and *Son et Lumière*, before tackling Ionesco and O'Neill.





Joan Littlewood seen (left) characteristically barefooted, is founder and director of Theatre Workshop. Her name is not in *Who's Who In The Theatre*. For, though she has been creating unique theatre in her own country for 20 years, France, and more recently Italy, have been swifter to honour her. Only now, when two of her productions, *A Taste Of Honey* and *The Hostage*, are doing big business in the West End and a third, *Fings Ain't What They Used To Be*, is about to break in, have the moguls of Shaftesbury Avenue been forced to acknowledge her existence. Almost since she left R.A.D.A. with a gold medal she has dreamed of a vital "people's theatre." As a start (after a period of radio acting and writing) she founded a Left-wing and poverty-stricken group called Theatre Union that performed Shakespeare, Brecht and Lope de Vega in parish halls and public parks all over the North of England. The war ended the group's career but afterwards some of them came together again and the Theatre Workshop company was born. After eight years of roaming they moved into the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15, where they have been ever since.



Peter Coe is the resident producer at the City's new Mermaid Theatre, a post which came his way after Bernard Miles saw *The Glass Menagerie* at the Queen's Theatre, Hornchurch, and described Coe's production as "one of the most sensitive and imaginative I have ever seen." The success of *Lock Up Your Daughters*, his first production there, has caused Mr. Miles to waive his original plan of frequently changing productions and

the play will now continue until Christmas. As a result Mr. Coe has found himself unexpectedly free to take on other work and has just returned from New York with the rights of *The World Of Suzie Wong* which he hopes to stage in the West End with his Chinese wife, Tsai Chin, in the lead role. Coe originally planned a schoolteaching career, then decided for acting. He trained at the London Academy of Music & Dramatic Art.



Basil Dean seen (above) with impresario Peter Daubeney, directs Michael Redgrave's *The Aspern Papers* at the Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue. During more than 50 years in show business there are few jobs he has not done. Since his first appearance on a stage in 1906 he has been actor, producer, manager, stage director. He was in at the birth of repertory with Annie Horniman in Manchester and later launched Liverpool Rep., now the oldest repertory in the country. Before World War I (in which he was head of the entertainment branch of the Navy and Army Canteen Board) he had a year as assistant-producer to Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre. After that he produced so many shows that their titles alone fill a column of *Who's Who In The Theatre* and from 1928 onwards he was also filming with remarkable rapidity. In 1939 he became chief of E.N.S.A. with a budget for Forces shows around £5 million a year.

No man of the theatre before or since has ever wielded so much power. After that experience he might have been expected to retire. Instead the post-war years have shown his energy to be undiminished and the list of his productions continues to grow.

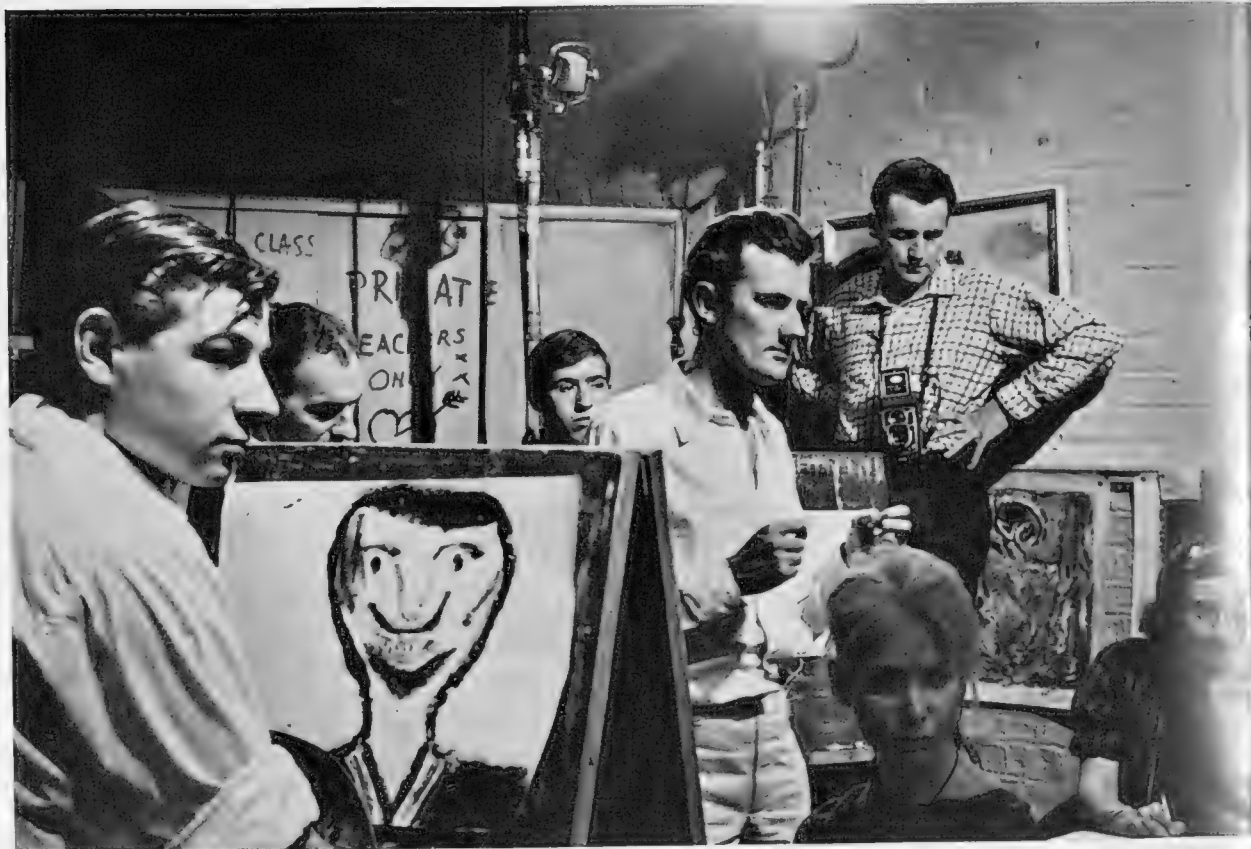
UNDER NEW DIRECTION

concluded



Peter Cotes has been Senior Drama Producer for Associated Rediffusion since 1955, but he could not stay away from the theatre for long and has recently directed *Hot Summer Night* at the New Theatre and *The Rope Dancers* in which he is seen (left) directing Hugh Burden and Carol Wolveridge at the Arts. He has been actor, writer and producer for stage, films and television. A man of strong views where theatre is concerned he has engaged in many battles with the Censor notably in 1946 when he put on the banned *Pick-Up Girl* at the New Lindsey club theatre. Then Queen Mary came to see the show, liked it, and the ban was lifted. As a director he still looks for the off-beat play. Cotes believes in the theatre as a force in society and is not afraid of the play with a message that makes an audience think.

Tony Richardson is associate artistic director at the Royal Court Theatre and a director of John Osborne's company Breakthrough Productions for whom he is currently filming (right) Osborne's *The Entertainer*. Richardson also directed the film version of *Look Back In Anger* and was the producer of the stage versions of both plays. His rise at 30 to a prominent place in the theatre is closely associated with the fortunes of the English Stage Company and dates from his first meeting with George Devine while producing plays, documentaries and serial programmes for BBC television. Like Devine he is a former president of the O.U.D.S. (he produced *Romeo & Juliet*, *Peer Gynt* and *The Duchess Of Malfi* at Oxford). Richardson's style is unpredictable, his TV presentation of *Othello* won the highest viewer rating for any Shakespeare play but his *Othello* production at Stratford this-year (like his *Pericles* last season) received critical notices. His prestige is high in New York following the Broadway production of the Osborne plays and there is a possibility he will be returning there to direct a proposed musical version of Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*.



Jean Meyer is an *associataire* of the Comédie Française and at first sight the choice of a Frenchman to direct the Soho musical *The Crooked Mile* at the Cambridge Theatre may seem odd. But Meyer succeeds through sheer animation and vitality communicated to a cast which has lifted the show to success and made a star of Millicent Martin. *The Crooked Mile* is Meyer's first British show but his work has been seen in *Les Femmes Savantes* which was part of the repertoire of the Comédie Française on its recent London visit. He also starred in the London production of *Le Dindon* which was seen by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Meyer at 45 is one of France's leading actor-producers.



THE SWISS FORTNIGHT IN TOWN 5-17 OCTOBER

Today, and until 18 October: First performance in Britain of *The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi* by Friedrich Durrenmatt, Arts Theatre Club (7.15 p.m.).

Tuesday, 6 October: Charity ball at the Dorchester Hotel (8.10 p.m.) in aid of the British Pestalozzi Children's Village at



Battle, Sussex. Organized by the Anglo-Swiss Society. Tickets £3 10s. from Swiss Embassy.

6 October to 17 October: "Swiss Industrial Architecture"—an exhibition at the R.I.B.A. Also an exhibition of historical and modern maps and map-making at the Royal Geographical Society.

Wednesday, 7 October: B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Ernest Ansermet, Royal Festival Hall (8 p.m.).

6 October to 17 October: Exhibition of watches, textiles, shoes, food and wines, embroideries and cottons; points of contact in Anglo-Swiss relations throughout the ages. At Park Lane House, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Also various other exhibitions at the Royal Festival Hall including displays of Swiss books and *History of the Travel Poster*.

October 10th onwards: *From Hodler to Klee—Swiss Art of the 20th Century*, at Tate Gallery.

Sunday, 11th October: Lecture by Professor Max Wildi on *Modern Swiss Drama*, illustrated by scenes from Frisch, Durrenmatt, &c. By arrangement with the English Stage Society. Royal Court Theatre (7.30 p.m.).

Wednesday, 14th October: Organ recital by Eduard Muller, Royal Festival Hall (5.55 p.m.).

Friday, 16th October: Collegium Musicum Zurich, conducted by Paul Sacher, Royal Festival Hall (8.0 p.m.). Also a special display of waxworks of Swiss personalities at Madame Tussaud's.

Saturday, 17th October: Consort of Viols of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, Wigmore Hall (7.30 p.m.).

ZUGER SEE J. ALLAN CASH

SWITZERLAND COMES TO TOWN

	Page	
FASHION	366	Swiss clothes you can buy in London stores
COUNTER SPY	374	Intelligence report on ideas among Swiss imports
DINING IN	375	Swiss twists in cooking at home
PASSPORT	376	Where to eat well when you're in Switzerland
ISAAC BICKERSTAFF	342	Swiss restaurants in London
THE COVER:		Following high fashion's rage for purple, comes this Swiss dress by Macola of Zurich. It has a bodice of St. Gall embroidery topping a pure-silk satin skirt. It can be bought in London at Harrods, Knightsbridge. Photograph by Norman Eales in Zurich

Swiss fashions come to London (see overleaf) but it's a two-way traffic with the Continent stepping up imports of our own high quality wholesale models.

Fine fabrics, workmanship and originality draw the buyers to Zurich as to London and the result is a wider choice for shoppers than ever before



Swiss children's clothes are dashing and imaginative but rarely seen here due to the conservative-mindedness of British stores. This young man wears a handsome knitted navy wool suit by Vollmoeller A. G., Uster. Under the blazer is a white cotton shirt and scarlet waistcoat



SWITZERLAND COMES TO TOWN continued

Rough pink wool in a smooth shape makes a dress with a shallow neck and skirt widening from a buckled waist. By Macola of Zurich, price: 35 gns., at Harrods



Largest exporter of high quality Swiss model knitwear is the firm of Hanro who made this simply stated suit (*opposite*) in a finely etched patterning of blue and black checks.

Imported by Swyzerli, at Marshall & Snelgrove, London; J. R. Taylor, St. Anne's-on-Sea; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Around 31½ gns.



Detailed here are mushroom beige shoes and handbag by Bally of Switzerland. They come from the smart Studio Treize in Zurich which carries the full range of Bally's models with matching bags





SWITZERLAND COMES TO TOWN

continued



Typical of the Swiss approach to children's clothes is this sister-brother team. She wears a knitted navy blue skirt and blazer edged with white. His sweater is the identical colour with the same trimming. Both are made by Vollmoeller A.G., of Uster, Switzerland ■

Rough surfaced tweed in a navy, white and brown fleck is used here for a short-sleeved collarless dress worn with a seven-eighths coat with quilted lining and trimmed with brown Persian lamb. Made by Braunschweig of Zurich and on sale at Woollands, Knightsbridge



In Switzerland elegance begins at four. The black and beige checked knitted pants are topped with a V-necked beige ribbed sweater with an insert of dark green suède. Made by Vollmoeller A.G. Uster, Switzerland



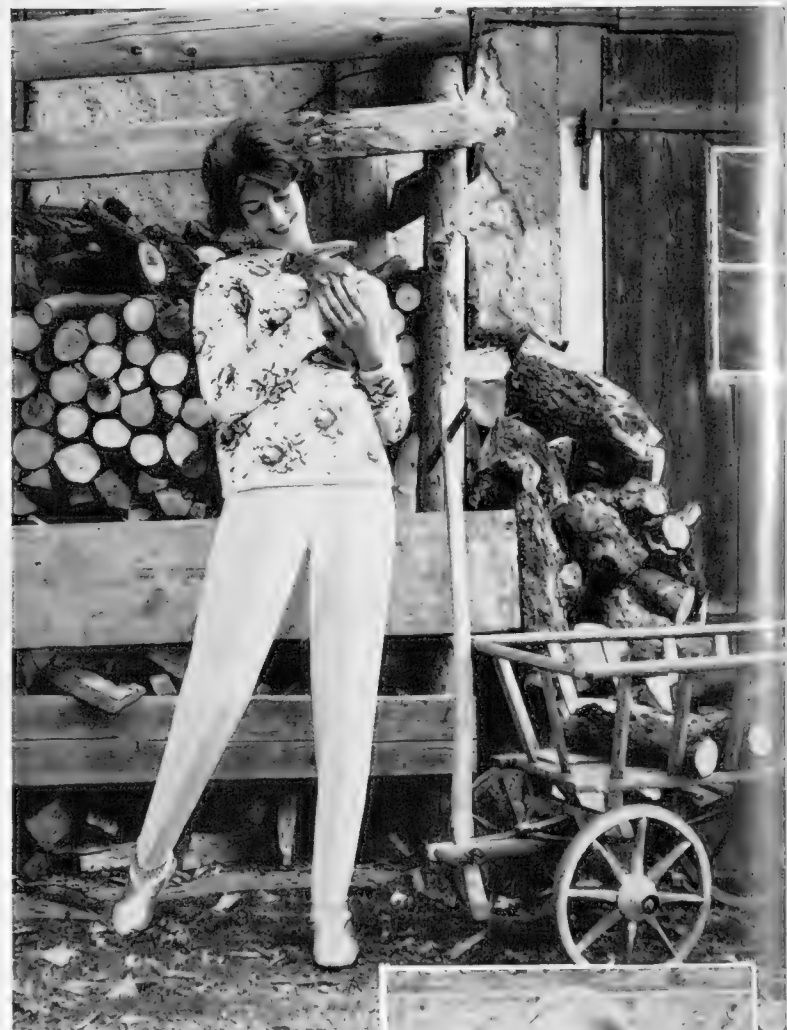
A fine beige bouclé wool over-printed with a dark brown Renaissance design is used by Mme. Haller, one of Switzerland's leading designers, for her dress cut with the fashionable bat-winged sleeves. The soft brown calf belt is echoed in the Bally bag and shoes (*inset*) in brown tan and beige calf from the Studio Treize, Zurich





SWITZERLAND COMES TO TOWN continued

A street dress takes a day's sightseeing in its slender stride. Grey long-haired Rodier wool makes a dress with a grey calf tie belt. By Mme. Haller, on sale here at Woollands. Grey calf shoes and handbag (*inset*) by Bally at Studio Treize, Zurich



Sleek line-up of white aprés ski-double knit wool sweater with a rare design, elasticized ski pants and silver kid ankle boots. Sweater and pants by Weiler Sohne at Lillywhites. Kid boots by Bally at Studio Treize, Zurich. The little boy (*inset*) wears a sealed down navy angora sweater by Kuenzli A.G. of Strengelbach





Good companions: A brilliant blue bouclé wool coat and skirt with a hooded blouse in blue and tan printed wool, which is used for the coat lining. By Braunschweig of Zurich, at Harrods

Brocade coat has a ranch mink lining which also forms the large collar. The matching yellow, brown and gold dress has a deeply dipping front. By Mme. Marty of Zurich at Fortnum & Mason



SWITZERLAND COMES TO TOWN concluded



Shining ball dress by Marty of Zurich has a small bodice of guipure lace (from nearby St. Gall) which glitters with pearls, brilliants, gold thread and silver gillion and a glossy fall of white satin skirt. At Woollands. The evening slippers by Bally (*inset*) are of soft white kid with faintly pink organza roses. From Studio Treize, Zurich

Black Renaissance print on a white ottoman silk chine ground for a long evening dress by Mme. Haller. The back-buttoning jacket hides a strapless bodice of ruched paper taffetas in grey, pink and black. At Dickins & Jones. Bally's evening sandals (*inset*) are in transparent vilene and gold kid with diamanté mounts, the companion handbag is studded with brilliants. Both at Studio Treize, Zurich, and the sandals only at Fanehon, Bond Street, W.1





COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD: MICROFILM BY NEIL PEPPE

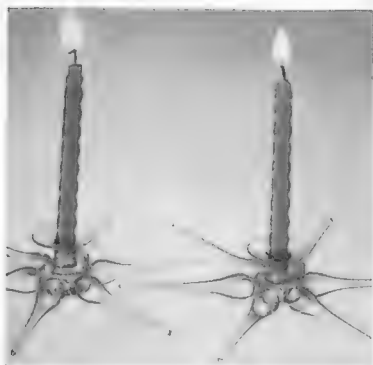
ELECTRIC RAZOR by the Swiss firm Kobler is available from, and specially recommended by, Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly. There are three models, all dry-shavers. The Triplex, shown here, has three blades and comes packed in a red leather case complete with a brush for cleaning. Price £15 0s. 6d.



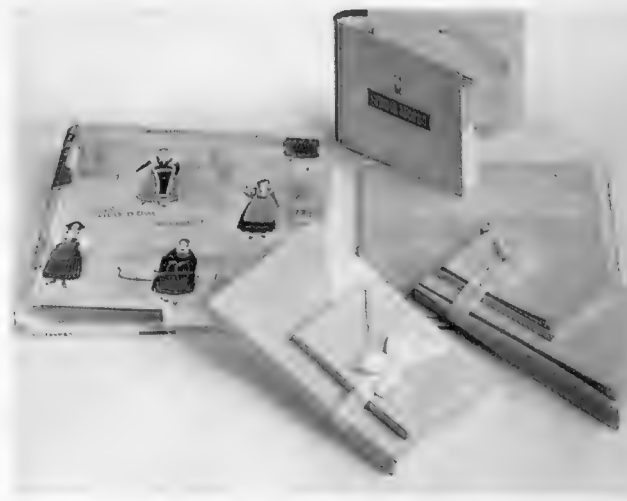
FONDUE DISHES for the Swiss speciality come from Harrods, are made of copper and lined with silver. They have their own brass spirit lamps and copper trays. In two sizes, prices: £8 11s. 10d. and £10 4s. 3d. Twisted gilt handled fondue forks, price: 12s. each. Fondue parties have caught on over here (see Helen Burke alongside)



CHOCOLATE BARS by Suchard are available at Derry & Toms, Kensington High Street, who are having a big display of Swiss chocolate during the Swiss Fortnight, some of it packed in specially designed presentation boxes. The Suchard chocolate bars cost about 2s. each

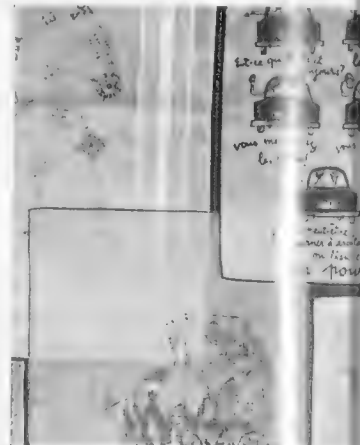


CANDLE-HOLDERS of hand-blown glass in star shapes are Swiss-made and available from Heal's, Tottenham Court Road. They are delicate and fragile, cost 17s. 3d. each. Heal's also have similar glass stars for hanging as Christmas decorations and some with a special holder attached for clipping to the topmost branches of the tree

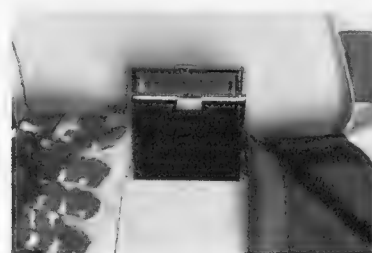


STATIONERY by Elco is of fine quality vellum with envelopes lined in contrasting tissue. The folder shown here has a design of figures in Swiss national costume and contains two sizes of notepaper plus envelopes. Price: 17s. 11d. The packet of Trois Mots consists entirely of small-sized writing paper with matching envelopes, price: 6s.

HANDKERCHIEFS in Swiss lawn come in a medley of amusing and pretty designs—flower and animal prints, initialled, named, printed and plain—ranging from about 3s. 11d. to about 9s. 11d. They are available from Woollands Swiss Handkerchief Market which is opening specially for the Swiss Fortnight and for which they have flown over three girls from Appenzel in Switzerland to give an authentic touch.



WATCHMAKING, still one of Switzerland's biggest industries, is well represented at Watches of Switzerland, New Bond Street. The square-faced man's watch is in 18 carat gold on an 18 carat gold strap (price £570) by Vacheron et Constantin. The 18 carat gold lady's watch is also by Vacheron et Constantin (price £496). An ultra-thin watch in 9 carat gold is by Longines (price £51 15s.)



4 gns. from Debenham & Freebody. The Swiss gilt compact has a black enamel lid and is banded with marcasite. Price £7 5s., also from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street

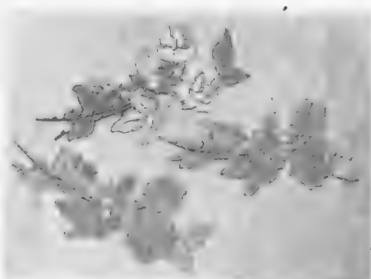
SCARVES in pure silk are caught in the lid of the compact. One, covered with a geometrical pattern of pale mauves and greens on white, costs £2, from Dickins & Jones. The other has an all-over pattern of tightly furled feathers in autumnal colours and costs



BLENDER by Romix, the Rotel, is attached to its own motor base and has a two-speed control. The base is of red or white hard-wearing plastic, the blender of glass. The centre of the lid can be removed while the blender is in action so that ingredients can be added with minimum fuss and mess. Exclusive to Harrods, price: £14 10s.

ROSE MOTIFS embroidered and available separately to appliqué on your evening dress are a new idea from Simmonds at Stanley Lowe, who recently moved to 42 New Bond Street, W.1. Shown below are motifs in white velvet finished with gold thread (39s. 6d.), silver lamé finished with silver thread (35s.), and gold lamé finished with gold thread (37s. 6d.)

TIES from Switzerland (below) in stripes, spots, checks or just plain are imported by Debenham & Freebody. They are made in either satin or twill and there is a large range of colours to choose from. Prices of these ties range from about 25s.



PILOWCASE in white Swiss cotton voile with a frilled edge is square, and comes in a small range of embroidered designs from the White House, Bond Street. Price: 45s. They also have some charming white embroidered Swiss blanket covers in single, double and large double bed sizes



EIGHT-DAY CLOCK by Imhof, is gilt carved and reminiscent of the Louis Quinze period. It has an alarm and costs £32, from Michael Gosschalk, 16 Molcomb Street. The bracelet also by Michael Gosschalk has a watch which is set into rubies with a diamond cluster



lid; the bracelet is hand-woven 18 carat gold. Price £305



DINING IN

Swiss twists

by HELEN BURKE

COMING BACK FROM SWITZERLAND, holidaymakers are often fired with the ambition to make *fondue* but, until recently, they could not get both gruyère and Emmentaler cheese, which are said to be equally necessary for the best results. These two cheeses have often been confused with each other—so much so that Emmentaler has long been sold as gruyère when there was no gruyère to be had. It is going to take some time for this to be ironed out, but here are the simple facts:

Emmentaler cheese is the larger one, weighing up to 160 to 175 pounds, with holes in it between the size of a cherry and a walnut in circumference. Gruyère cheese, on the other hand, weighs 45 to 110 pounds, with holes ranging from a pea to a hazel-nut in size. This succinct information comes from one of the principal importers of Swiss cheese in this country, so now you know and can stand up to any salesman who tells you otherwise.

Here is another piece of information: because gruyère cheese is smaller, it develops a stronger flavour than Emmentaler in an equal period of maturing.

During the Swiss Fortnight, there will be a big showing of Emmentaler and gruyère cheeses—just as they are, as well as in processed form packed in those little flattish round drums we all know so well, with 6 or 12 wedges in each.

Some time ago, I was "stuck" for grated gruyère (or Parmesan) cheese for Sauce Mornay. I had on hand, however, some triangles of Swiss processed cheese, so having made the Béchamel sauce I did what anyone in the same position might have done, but what I had never done before. I sliced a triangle of the little "suisse" into the sauce, whisked it well in and was delighted with its smoothness. After tasting it I added a second triangle and produced an excellent cheese sauce. It is economical, too, because there is no waste.

This brings me to another Swiss product which I always have on hand—those little Knorr cubes of clear beef (*bouillon gras*) and

chicken (*bouillon de poule*). What a boon they are when we want to improve a soup or stew or use them by themselves for stock! I have a recipe for tomato soup which, without the addition of a chicken cube, would not be anything like as good as it is—and even a cream of chicken soup, made from the carcass of a bird, is better with a chicken cube to strengthen it.

Knorr soups, too, apart from their primary purpose, are useful for busy folk who like to make a fuss of a dish but have little time to do it. Take for instance spaghetti or macaroni with tomato sauce. Drain the boiled spaghetti and turn it over and over with a nut of butter melting through it. Make tomato soup as directed on the packet, but use less water. Add to it another good nut of butter, turn it into the spaghetti and lift the latter up and over to blend it with the sauce. This is a pleasant, easy dish.

One of the most delicious dishes which I always associate with Switzerland is *truites amandines*. For 4 people, have 4 good-sized trout cleaned through the gills. Roll them in seasoned flour, shake off excess and fry them for 3 to 4 minutes on each side in 4 to 5 oz. butter and a tablespoon of olive oil. (Trout cook quickly.)

Place them on a heated platter. In the same butter, fry 2 to 3 oz. splintered or flaked blanched almonds to a nice golden tone. Pour these over the trout and serve.

It will, of course, be better to fry the almonds in a fresh supply of butter, but I know how often people are deterred from making a dish if the butter in which the main cooking is done has to be thrown away.

Swiss for cheeses, chocolate, condensed milk and soups—and preserves. Their black and red cherry jams are wonderful. There are Swiss wines, too, but not so well known as the Swiss Kirsch. One last simple suggestion: for a delicious sweet, serve dairy ice cream, each portion topped with a dessertspoon of Swiss black cherry jam into which a teaspoon of Kirsch has been blended.



Lakeside rendezvous

by DOONE BEAL

SWITZERLAND, A COUNTRY THAT HAS trained more chefs and hoteliers than any other in the world, has also, as you might expect, some of the world's cleanest and most efficiently run hotels.

Because it is difficult to go wrong in any Swiss hotel, I shall write only of its restaurants. These, with overtones of French, German and Italian cuisine, provide a more interesting speculation for the visitor. At its worst, food in Switzerland is wholesome but rib-sticking; at its best, it is superb.

One of the best-endowed cities for food is Geneva. Not far from the U.N. building is the *Perle du Lac*, at 128 rue de Lausanne, with a terrace overlooking the lake. Another lakeside spot is the *Parc des Eaux-Vives*. La Navigation, in the rue de Lac, and La Mère Michel, in the Boulevard du Pont d'Arve, both specialize in lake fish. Excellent Italian food is to be found at Roberto in the rue Madelaine and at Chez Mingozzi in the rue de Lausanne. The Auberge à la Mère Royaume is one of the oldest and most atmospheric restaurants. But for sheer, pure gastronomy, the most celebrated are Le Gentilhomme (this is the grillroom of the Hotel Richemond) and the Béarn, at 4, Quai de la Poste.

Zurich is the largest city in Switzerland and the centre of its industry. The range of restaurants is perhaps the most catholic of all—including some excellent French ones. One of the best is the lakeside restaurant of the Bellerive au Lac Hotel. Americans love the grillroom of the Baur au Lac Hotel, partly for its good international food and partly because the barman shakes a truly teeth-freezing martini or manhattan without explanations from visiting Americans. If money is no object (it will cost you at least £2 a head), try the Veltliner Keller at Schlüsselgasse 8, in the old part of the city. Here there are magnificent Swiss specialities, both food and wine, and lots of local colour. Some of the most interesting restaurants in Zurich are those in the Guildhalls in the old part of the



By Lake Lucerne. Right: the Mostrose Hotel

town along the river: the Zunfthaus zur Zimmerleuten (carpenters), the Saffran (spice merchants), and the Schmiden (blacksmiths). People enjoy concerts with their dinner at Bauschänzli, on its island in the Limmat river (summer only), and in the good-value department the Feldschlosschen beer hall and restaurant—hearty but cheap. You can also go Oriental at the Splendide, Spanish at Emilio and Italian at Gortana and Bolognese.

Bern: Here the food is on the Germanic side, witness the local speciality of *Bernerplatte*: sauerkraut and a mixture of sausages, ham and pork chops. One of the traditional restaurants is the Kornhauskeller. However, you can also dine more delicately off *fondue* and lake perch—try also the Taverne Valaisanne in the Hotel Hirschen. The Ermitage in Marktgasse is expensive, intimate and French. One of the very best.

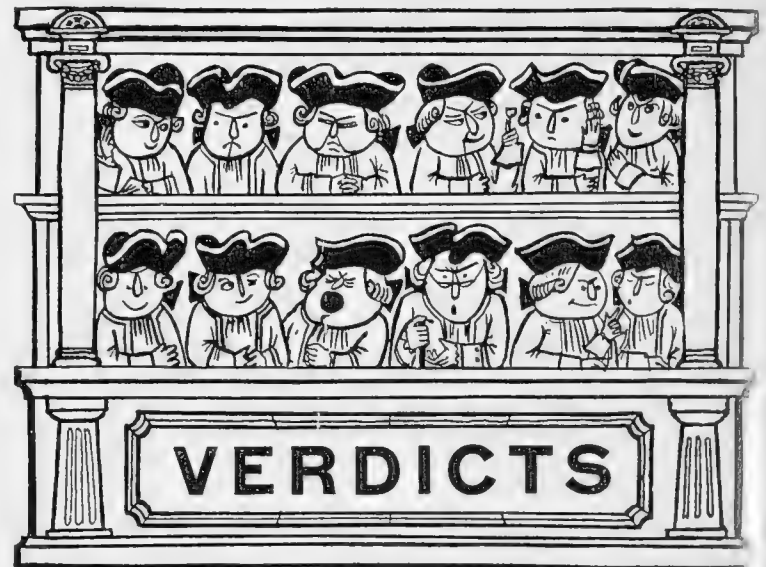
Lucerne: Here you can eat in sixteenth-century restaurants as well as rave over the buildings. Perhaps the most famous is the Wilden Mann (also an hotel), which has been operating since the beginning of the sixteenth century. Even older and equally renowned, gastronomically, is Zur Gerben in the old city, at 7 Sternplatz. And the Schwanen, facing lake and mountains, has a terrace view (but book a table early) which alone justifies a visit.

Lausanne: Clean, tidy and charming, is built on a series of hills from the lakeside and abounds in waterside cafés. The grillroom of its top hotel, the Lausanne Palace, is celebrated and that of the Central Bellevue is good. Recommended to me as well as Major D'Avel in 4, Place Benjamin Constant, and Au Trois Tonneau at 18 rue Grand St. Jean.

One cannot leave the subject of restaurants in Switzerland without reference to the excellent Möven Pick restaurants (branches in Zurich, Bern, Lucerne and Geneva. Here you dine well from a wide variety of dishes, for as little as four francs—around seven shillings.

THE FAR EAST ON BROADWAY

Following the success of Rodgers & Hammerstein's *Chinatown* musical *Flower Drum Song*, Asian subjects are enjoying a vogue on Broadway. Latest recruit at the Shubert Theatre is the comedy hit *A Majority Of One* in which East, in the person of Sir Cedric Hardwicke as a suave Japanese businessman, meets West, a middle-aged, comfortable widow from Brooklyn, played by Gertrude Berg. Others in the picture are Kanna Ishii as Sir Cedric's daughter, Sahomi Tachibana and Yasuko Adachi.



- The play* **COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY**
(J. G. Devlin, Wilfrid Lawson, Patrick Magee, Berto Pasuka). Royal Court Theatre
- The films* **THE BLUE ANGEL**
(Curt Jurgens, May Britt, Theodore Bikel.)
Director Edward Dmytryk.
- YESTERDAY'S ENEMY**
(Stanley Baker, Guy Rolfe, Philip Ahn, Leo McKern, Gordon Jackson.) Director Val Guest.
- THE RABBIT TRAP**
(Ernest Borgnine, Kevin Corcoran, Bethel Leslie.) Director Philip Leacock.
- JET STORM**
(Richard Attenborough, Stanley Baker, Hermione Baddeley, Diane Cilento, Harry Secombe, Sybil Thorndike.) Director C. Raker Endfield.
- GIRLS DISAPPEAR**
(Robert Hossein, Magali Noel, Philippe Clay.)
Director Edouard Molinaro.
- The records* **BILL BAILEY** by Helen Humes
BLOWIN' UP A STORM by Kenny Baker's Dozen
WHAT IS THERE TO SAY by Gerry Mulligan
LEGRAND JAZZ by Michael Legrand
AFTER HOURS by Thad Jones
- The books* **AIMEZ-VOUS BRAHMS?**
by Francoise Sagan (Julliard, 700 frs.)
- THE RIVERS OF BABYLON**
by Robert Liddell (Cape, 16s.)
- LOVE AT ALL AGES**
by Angela Thirkell (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.)



THEATRE

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Mr. O'Casey can still sting

GENIUS NEVER DESERTS MR. SEAN O'Casey, and though he must be rated as quite the most refractory of her children she cannot refrain from taking a hand in even his worst plays. She may whisper in his ear that he is an emotional, not an intellectual satirist, and had better leave the indictment of a creed to those who can reason admirably but are rarely given help by her when they come to write plays. But he is a man of enormous integrity, not to say of pig-headed obstinacy, and he insists on his right to mar his finest work with ferocious caricatures of Irish priests that simply as caricatures are incredible; and genius, sighing, does what she can.

She has done a great deal for him in *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy*, the 10-year-old play that has come down from the Edinburgh Festival to the Royal Court Theatre. It is a boisterously symbolic satire which

has coruscating passages of comic rhetoric between two superstitious old Irish villagers in whose frightened minds a flustered cock is mistaken for the demon bird of the district. The evil apparition changes whenever shot at into a glorified tall hat, it ensconces minor demons in bottles of whiskey and starts blowing black and red winds which threaten to blow them all to hell.

All the men of the village, with one exception, know that the cock in the shape of a councillor's tall hat is roaming round the country, tempting souls to destroy themselves with dancing and desultory pleasures. None of the women sees the bird as anything but a common fowl; they drink the bewitched whiskey with easy pleasure and the hellish wind which paralyses the men with fear does no more than set the ribbons in their hair lightly dancing.

These bold simplifications, not easy to follow in the text, work out on the stage with delightful comic lucidity. The women stand for the brave gaiety of spirit that is the birthright of youth. The men have had the joy of life frightened out of them by the priest and the hedge preacher and might as well, the fantasy insists with rough good humour, be dead. Their minds are tormented by furtive desire, but when the breeze happens to derange the head-dress of a woman stooping to bestow a careless kiss, they fancy that she has suddenly sprouted devil's horns and shake with holy terror. The stage tricks are old, but the language is charged with weird and wonderful colour, and there is something singularly exhilarating in seeing a modern dramatist, and a septuagenarian at that, wring all his comic power to cock a snook at the wailers and sniffers and to bid youth to make haste to the fair while there is yet time—the dangerous but delightful fair of life.

It would, I think, be an even more exhilarating spectacle if Mr. O'Casey had found some way to suggest that the battle is between those who take a careful, prudential view of life, and those who believe that though the wail of the dirge may be heard through the whirl of

the dance, life is too precious to be given up to a constant wailing. But, as it is, the fantasy is set in an Irish village and if foolish imaginings of evil are to be contrasted with evil that is real and dangerous the author is bound to make his figure of evil the priest. This allegorical priest must twist the arms of women who flout his authority, he must strike a recalcitrant parishioner a fatal blow, he must incite the villagers to stone the prettiest of the women. We have to pay a high price for Mr. O'Casey's stubborn and incompatible obsession. All the same, to my thinking, it is a price well worth paying for an evening of uproarious fun and some emotional effects that are intensely moving.

Mr. George Devine's production is reasonably buoyant, and it would be more buoyant still if Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, perfectly cast, one would have thought, as one of the two sharp dealing, superstitious old men out of whose inflamed fancies the fantasy springs, were more in the skin of the part. Too much work is thrown on to Mr. J. G. Devlin. He responds wonderfully. Even so, a fantasy meant to run on two big wheels is in fact running only on one. However, there are many good minor performances.

continued overleaf



CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

The angel takes a nosedive

THIRTY YEARS AGO, WHEN I FIRST saw it, *The Blue Angel* struck me as an exceedingly cruel and upsetting film. In a Berlin cinema I suffered acutely as the late Herr Emil Jannings, playing Professor Rath, an upright, stern schoolmaster whose only folly was to try to restrain his pupils from frequenting a low nightclub, was snared and destroyed by its callous queen—a then unknown Fraulein Marlene Dietrich.

Like a small boy wantonly tearing the wings off a fly, she stripped the poor man of every shred of human dignity. She didn't care a bit. Over Herr Jannings's final humiliation—when, having been reduced to porter, pornographic picture seller and general dogsbody, he was finally doomed to be a conjurer's stooge and had to crow like a cock as eggs were broken on his grotesque skull—I wept. So did half the audience—while the other half, to my horror, laughed inhumanly at this awful spectacle of degradation. (I did not, of course, foresee the inhumanity that the Germans were to prove themselves capable of practising in the years to come—but, though the shadow of Hitler had not yet fallen on the world, I shuddered as if the sun had suddenly gone in and an icy, evil wind had sprung up.) I have seen that version of *The Blue Angel* several times since, and always experienced the same feeling of revulsion.

In the American remake, De Luxe colour deprives the film of its

essential grey squalor, the fact that it now ends in 1959 shears away its atmosphere of truth (post-war Germany is, as it were, ethically and morally centuries away from pre-Hitler Germany)—and Herr Curt Jurgens, as the Professor, and Miss May Britt, as the seductress, are miles behind the originals.

Herr Jurgens goes through all the motions but, basically, none of the emotions of a respected man brought low by passion: he lacks the initial authority which made Herr Jannings's downfall material for high tragedy. Miss Britt, while looking as sexy as all get-out, lacks Fraulein Dietrich's *belle dame sans merci* magic: she is a slut with, if not a heart of gold, at least a gold-plated cardiac organ—that is to say, she momentarily feels sorry about the man who is ruining his life for her sake. To me, the best performance in the picture comes from Mr. Theodore Bikel as the leader of the troupe to which Miss Britt belongs: he is a business man, by no means pure or simple, with an unsympathetic eye on human relations and a strictly calculating one on the box-office.

It may be a fact that, in war, either side is guilty of appalling deeds that would shock us in peacetime—but I have never seen this so openly stated as in *Yesterday's Enemy*, which, I take it, is intended to be an anti-war film. Mr. Stanley Baker, a British captain lost in Burma somewhere behind the Japanese lines with a handful of

men, picks up a fellow he believes can be forced to give him vital information: to persuade the man he means business, he shoots a couple of innocent Burmese villagers. He gets the information—his one concern now is to pass it on. Before he can do so, he and his men are captured by the Japanese—and a Japanese major (well played by Mr. Philip Ahn) promises Mr. Baker that, if he does not divulge the information so bloodily obtained, everybody in his party, including two civilians (a padre and a war correspondent), will be executed. What is Mr. Baker to do? Having used the same brutal methods, has he any crushing retort? If you can bear another war (or even anti-war) film, it may interest you to find the answer—which seemed to me to be dismally negative.

Mr. Ernest Borgnine, giving, like the entire cast, an exceptionally fine performance, appears in *The Rabbit Trap* as an honest, reliable worker who, lacking education, fears to lose his job. His boss, taking advantage of this, recalls Mr. Borgnine to work the day after he has gone on his first vacation for five years with his wife (Miss Bethel Leslie) and small son (brilliant, sturdy young Master Kevin Corcoran).

During their one day in the country, Mr. Borgnine and his little boy have built a trap, with the charming intention of catching a rabbit to show it that people are not so bad, after all. Mr. Borgnine, worrying about his job, forgets the trap—but his son feels it is a terrible thing they have done: what will the rabbit think of people if it is left to starve to death? Mr. Borgnine is stuck with the problem of whether to kow-tow to his boss, for the sake of his job, or to put things right between himself and his son, for the sake of their future relations. I found this a touching and endearing film.

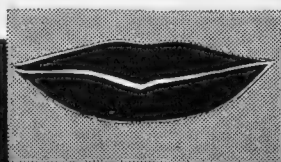
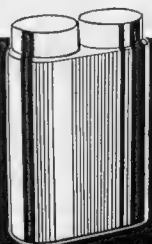


The road to ruin in *The Blue Angel*. Top: Curt Jurgens as the innocent professor. Middle: He meets the temptress, May Britt. Above: In the depths, as the derided clown

Mr. Richard Attenborough, a demented scientist, finds, in *Jet Storm*, that among his fellow
continued on page 381

"DUET FOR LIPS"

This Superb New
Dual Interchange Twin Container.
A Classic Golden Beauty of Jewel Elegance.



LANCÔME

YOUR EYE DOES NOT DECEIVE YOU THIS IS A LIPSTICK REFILL



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VERDICTS

continued from page 378

passengers on an airliner is the beastly hit-and-run driver who two years earlier killed his baby girl—so, hating simply everybody in a world he considers too rotten to survive, he rigs up a neat little bomb-thing with which to blow up the plane when he feels like it. That, one gathers, would be after he had scared the daylight out of as odd an assortment of stage, screen, television and radio personalities as

the casting director could assemble in one picture. Dame Sybil Thorne-dike and Mr. Harry Secombe, both lovably at ease as darling souls, come best out of this jet-storm in a teacup.

Beware of cinnamon punch when served at any strange villa in France: it is one of the reasons why *Girls Disappear* and end as the merchandise in which white slavers traffic. You have been warned—but may wish to see the film: mostly for (unintended) laughs.

The
Social
Alphabet

M



for Marriage à la mode

*Make haste, my love, the stable clock is chiming
Quarter to twelve—we should be at the station.
Make haste, my love, you're mucking up the timing!
Hell and damnation!*

*"Gretna by dawn! Romance has sweetly beckoned!
Gretna by dawn, and wedding bells on Friday!"
MAKE HASTE, MY LOVE! "I'll only be a second—
Hair's all untidy."*

*Please, darling, please—it would be such a bore to . . .
"Heavens! I'm stuck—do lift me off the ladder!
Oops! (tinkle, crash) We're absolutely sure to
Wake up poor Dadda!"*

*Sybil, my dream! "Oh precious, precious Arthur!"
Here then we stand, with Fortune as our debtor!
"Oh, by the way, my ever-loving father
Left us this letter:*

*'These are some sandwiches Mother made—I wondered
If you would care to take the flask of brandy.
Please find enclosed a cheque for seven hundred.
Might come in handy.'*"

Francis Kinsman

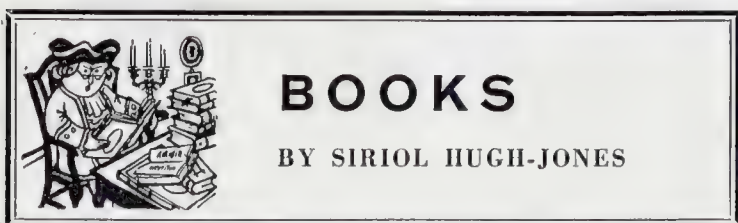
microscopic operating theatre long enough.

Hurray for *The Rivers Of Babylon*, by Robert Liddell, a novel I cannot praise too highly. It is set in Cairo just before and during the Suez crisis, and its central character—I don't see how you can call him a hero—is an English tutor at Cairo University. He is one of the most enlightened, intelligent and likeable men I have met in fiction for years. The novel is unexpected, curious, compassionate, witty and often wildly funny. The special and rare thing about it is that it is full of dazzling and irresistible conversation, as if one were happily sitting at a dinner-party crammed with people from whom one could not bear to be parted. (In passing, the talk is passionately in favour of Miss Compton-Burnett—several of the characters talk with quite something of her tone—provocative about Shakespeare, and very brisk about Katherine Mansfield. And after a particularly nasty riot one of the main characters is very un-

kindly seen dead with a novel by Mrs. Thirkell.)

I urge everyone to read this novel. After so many novels about people who positively throb with feeling, it is as amazing, stimulating (and demanding) as a sharpish walk up Mount Everest, to find oneself with people who think—clearly, thoughtfully, unsentimentally, and because they enjoy thinking and believe it to be a good thing.

Readers who, like Mr. Liddell's mob-victim, "try a nice Thirkell" from time to time, will leap at *Love At All Ages* in which all's much the same in Bassetshire. The Duke & Duchess of Towers, the Earl of Pomfret, Lord & Lady William Harcourt, Lady Gwendolen, Lord Mellings and Sir Noel & Lady Merton are all there for those who can sort them out, and Stoker, housekeeper to Mrs. Morland, the famous novelist, is contemptuous of sputniks "or whatever those Russians call themselves." (And, as the blurb says, "delightful in a passage of arms with the milkman.")



BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

The importance of liking Brahms

FRANCOISE SAGAN'S NEW NOVEL is called *Aimez-vous Brahms?* on the cover, and *Aimez-vous Brahms*. . . on the title page and throughout the book, if you see the difference. Having already mastered the theme of the bitter-sweet love-affair between the young girl and the middle-aged man, Miss Sagan here provides a little variety by reversing the process, and we have wise, tender, infinitely long-suffering Paule, aged 39, in love with unfaithful Roger, aged 40, and by the way accepting and finally renouncing the passionate affections of Simon, aged 25.

Ageing-lady-with-young-lover is classic ground, already fairly fully mapped and charted in the works of Colette, in *Rosenkavalier* and elsewhere. Miss Sagan's contribution is a well-tailored little *nouvelle* with few surprises and a cast of no more than three major characters and a couple of supporting players. Of them all, I found only one who had a genuine life of his own—the young lover, who is engaging and rather more than a stock role. The whole book seemed to me somehow like an artful and beguiling piece of feminine wish-fulfilment, as soothing and reassuring as a well-dressed Paris shop window or the pink lights in a chic hairdressing saloon. "Women," it says, in a cool, understating but romantic (in spite of the disabused, disenchanted dryness) little voice, "are wonderful. Give them a medal." It is as pleasant as wearing a good new Chanel suit and drinking a dry martini in the Ritz, while all around the voices murmur in wonder and sympathy at who this vaguely melancholy and extraordinarily interesting woman can be.

Paule, even when losing, really wins all the time. Her young lover is gratifyingly crazed with passion, loony with gratitude. Her middle-

aged lover is mad with jealousy. She makes no demands, avoids ugly scenes, behaves with impeccable grace, sensibility and good taste, and, best of all, even when in thoroughly low spirits, always remembers to comb her hair, put on a fresh make-up and wear a good dark suit and a scarf to match her eyes. From the first page, we know that Paule is going to be a sophisticated and well-mannered heroine.

The interesting thing about the author, now 24, is that there is something archetypal about her, something which has caught the eye of the time and made her, in the manner of Bardot and John Osborne, of enormous personal significance—possibly rather more than that of her work—in an age avidly greedy for Personalities. You may have missed one of the four slim little novels, but it is almost inconceivable that you do not know about the cars and the dog and St. Tropez, and the summer retreat to Normandy. She is a phenomenon, and whatever you may think of the myth, it is we who have demanded it and made it.

There is in her, I think, an ironic, derisive sort of wit that so far has not been allowed to peep out more than once or twice, so rigidly are we kept to the straight track signposted "Controlled emotional anguish," "Bored unsatisfactory infidelity," "Clear-eyed assessment of the situation," "Tender interlude and pause for self-deception," "Autumn mood with rain and anxiety," and "Back to the beginning with fresh lipstick and concealed pang in heart." I am not giving up the hope that one day she may write a rather brisk comedy. Miniature surgery, done with dainty doll's-house scalpels on teeny-tiny hearts, may be excellent in its way, but I have the feeling of one who has been hanging around in this

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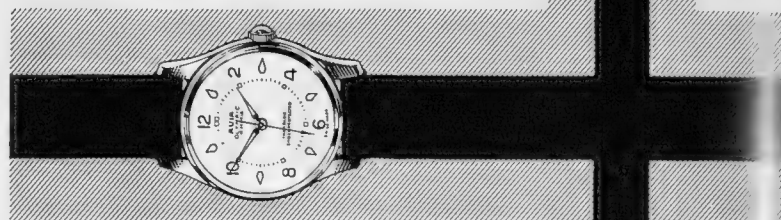
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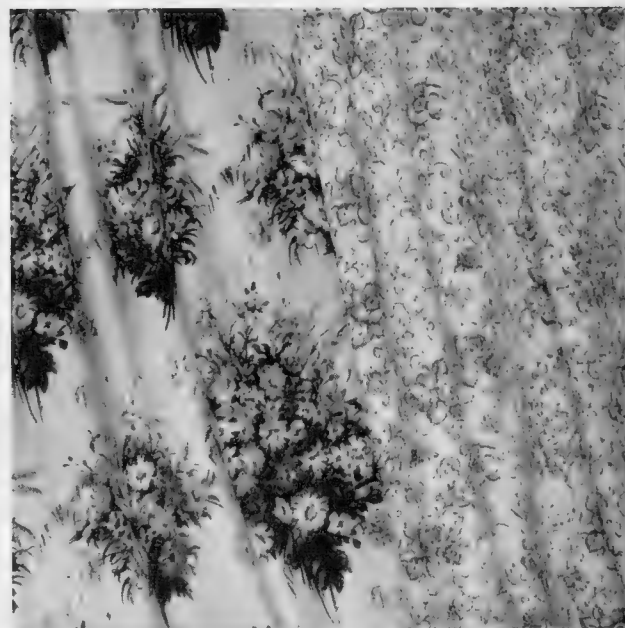


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RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

Of saints and singers

I DO NOT OFTEN HAVE AN EXCUSE to mention what the record trade refer to as a "single," the ordinary bread-and-butter disc which is apt to sell a million copies. The little-known Helen Humes, a jazz singer of repute in circles where these things count, has made a powerful version of **Bill Bailey**, backed by **The Saints** on *Vogue* (45V2415 Standard). Then there is Top Rank's idea of the blues, interpreted by Dinah Washington, who seldom diverts far from the path trodden by Billie Holiday, but has the benefit of excellent accompaniment. The lesser Betty Roche disappoints me on the same album. She is backed by Earl Hines and his star-studded septet.

New British jazz recordings—the Lansdowne Series—are supervised for Columbia by Denis Preston, one of the back-room patrons of the home-bred article. Apart from presenting Britain's top draw, Chris

Barber, on an LP (33SX1158) he brings Otilie Patterson to the microphone for some rather stodgy singing. The outstanding traditional record from this series is by Al Fairweather and Sandy Brown; their ideas of ragtime and its offshoots are both spontaneous and well-played (33SX1159). Another splendid album in different mood is **Blowin' Up A Storm** (33S1140), in which Kenny Baker's Dozen do just that and quite a bit more in the name of jazz.

The Dozen is a group assembled primarily for recording and broadcasting engagements; they almost qualify for all-star billing, and the arrangers vie with the soloists to sustain interest at a high peak throughout. The whole performance ranks as one of the best I have heard this year. No anti-climax occurs when Dill Jones takes over the piano with his quintet on an EP (SEG7893), the accent being on

tight modern sounds, with the bass trumpet of Ray Premru well featured.

When the eloquent Gerry Mulligan—a leading jazz influence and star of the baritone saxophone—asks **What Is There To Say**, it does not mean that he has run out of musical ideas. His album (Philips BBL7320) sounds better in stereo, as released in America, but the musical content is there, whichever way you have it. Art Farmer, one of the more significant trumpeters in the contemporary scene, is in great form, and he and Mulligan join forces for some excellent counterpoint. Their unison passages have great shape; moreover, their cohesion makes it seem incredible that only four men contribute to this *tour de force*.

A Frenchman, Michel Legrand, has pulled a plum out of the jazz pie with his **Legrand Jazz**, one of Philips' first stereo releases (SBBL510). On a visit to the States he contacted various important musicians, hastily penned some special scores to suit their individualities, and came up with some of the most effective big band jazz that you could wish to hear. He combines his own versatility as a writer with an astonishing ability to consolidate diverse talents in numerous moods. All too often this

endeavour is absent from the current musicians' approach.

When Basie plays, I lend a special ear for the trumpet of Thad Jones. He is back again with an Esquire album, **After Hours** (32-080), which displays his latent talent in less formal company. These tracks also feature Frank Wess and one of America's top guitarists, Kenny Burrell, who impressed me greatly on my Newport visit.



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BEAUTY by JEAN CLELAND

Putting on the glitter

FASHIONS IN BEAUTY ARE constantly changing. The latest thing to come from America, where it has caught on with tremendous success, is the frosted look. This adds sparkle to the make-up and top beauty houses are all ready with frosted cosmetics, which are just coming into the shops.

Lancôme has a silver frost lipstick called *Givre*. This can be used to add glitter to any lipstick.

To simplify the whole process, they have brought out a twin lipstick container called *Duet for Lips*. Golden and elegant, it will take a coloured lipstick and a *Givre*. You can use the coloured one by day, and apply frosted *Givre* for a touch of party sparkle by night.

New are the *Cartouche* lipstick refills by Lancôme, which are made to fit the latest twin container *Duet for Lips*. In golden metal cases, these refills are elegant enough to be used on their own.

Another version of frosted lip-

stick comes from Revlon in which the colour and the shimmer are combined. A range of attractive shades such as *Frosted Apricot Ice* highlight and harmonize with different dress shades. If you want a pair of sparkling eyes, use Revlon's new *Frosted Mascara*, which comes in a golden roll-on applicator. Used on the tips of the lashes it gives added brilliance to the eyes.

To have poise one must have confidence, and few things are more likely to ensure this than the knowledge that one is lastingly fresh and fragrant. Yardley's new deodorant, called *Poise*, dries in seconds, is effective all day and can be used safely after shaving. It will not stain delicate fabrics, and is charmingly presented in an unbreakable and feminine-looking bottle.

Talking of fragrance, here is one from Dorothy Gray called *Special Appointment*. It was selected by a panel of well-known men as the

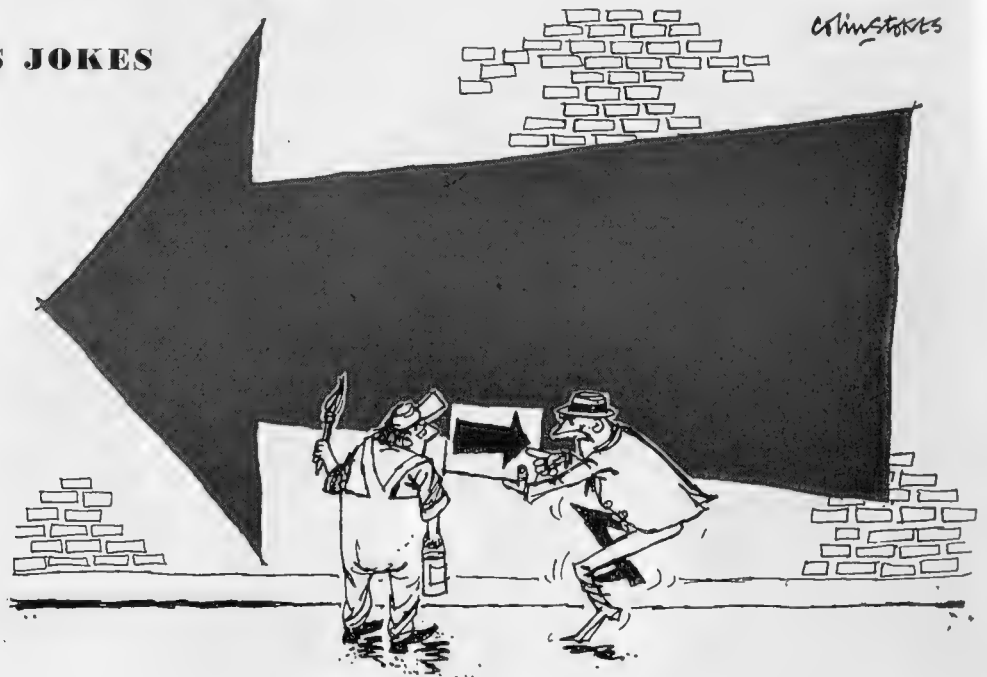
scent they would like a woman to wear. It is new, slightly spicy, and is packaged in a gold topped trio of *Skin Perfume*, *Bath Perfume Concentrate*, and *Dusting Powder*. Two are pictured above.

For gaiety in the bathroom, Cyclax have a new and charming packaging in lightweight puffer packs of bath powder we all love, in *Gay Morning*, *Gay Chiffon*, *Gay Again* and *Sandakwood*.

Latest addition in this country to the lovely perfumes of Weil of Paris is *Parfum de Toilette* in a new diffusette atomiser. Stronger than toilet water, and lighter than the actual perfumes, this is available in two well-known Weil scents, *Antilope* and *Zibeline*.

There is news ahead of two new hair products by Steiner. *Hii-Styler* sets the hair, keeps it in place, yet treats it gently. Two outstanding features are the hair glossing ingredient and a dust-repelling agent.

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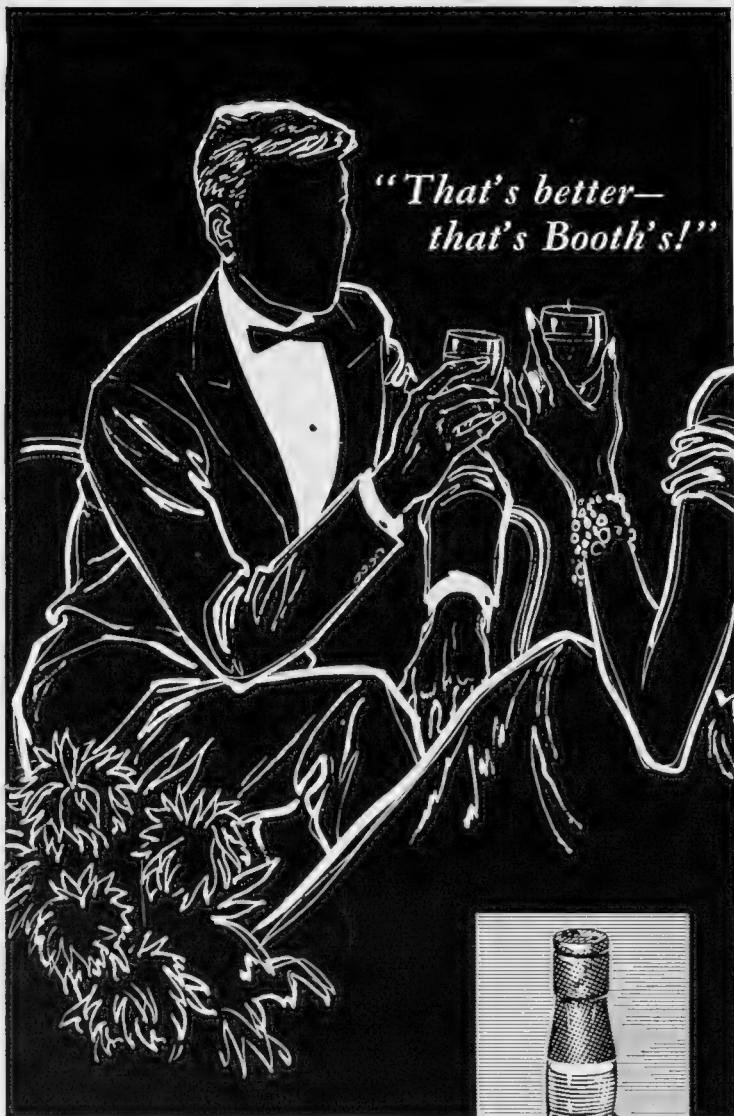
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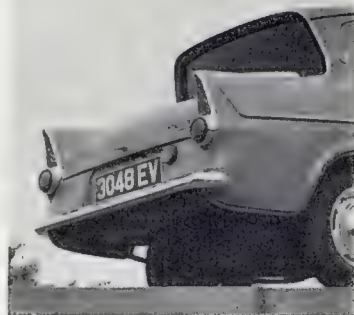
AN OUTSIZE

ROLLS & a tiny Ford

by GORDON WILKINS

FOLLOWING THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF V-8 engines for the Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud and Bentley "S," Rolls-Royce have revealed a new model, the Phantom V, to grace the great occasions. It is immense, nearly 20 ft. long and 6½ ft. wide, with 7-passenger limousine coachwork by Park Ward and H. J. Mulliner generously proportioned to give space for ceremonial attire. It has the new V-8 engine of 6.2 litres in a long wheelbase chassis similar to that of the Silver Cloud II.

Unlike the Straight-eight Phan-



New: The Ford Anglia

tom V built to order for the members of the Royal Family and a few other privileged purchasers, the Phantom V is available to all, but a price tag of nearly £9,000 including tax should prevent a queue.

The first body style illustrated here is dignified and discreet but leaves me with the feeling that a great opportunity has been missed. Rolls-Royce and their coachbuilders are persuaded of the innate conservatism of their clients, and their designers are permitted no flamboyant flights of fancy—but

dragging the front-wing line back through those two wide doors is no longer a constructive way to handle a design of these proportions. With rockets landing on the moon, it should be possible to turn our backs on the era of separate wings and running boards, splash guards and carriage lanterns. Indeed I have caught a glimpse of a prototype which suggests that a bolder spirit is at work.

Another car released today is destined for a wider market, the new Ford Anglia. The old Anglia continues with simplified equipment at a much lower price as the new Popular. Nothing of it is carried forward into the new Anglia except the name. The old model was and indeed still is one of the best looking small cars ever built. I believe much of the credit for its clean line and excellent proportions is due to an American stylist who demonstrated that you don't have to be European to design a European car. However, tests showed that this angular shape imposes an appreciable penalty in fuel and led to the complete break-away in front end styling in the new model. It seems odd that the designers, having gone so far with their low grille and plunging bonnet line, should put hoods on the headlamps which usually cost a reduction of one or two m.p.h. in maximum

speed and a slight increase in fuel consumption, but the overall result is highly favourable. Propelled by a remarkable new over-square overhead-valve engine of 997 c.c. which runs sweetly and silently up to over 5,000 r.p.m., the new Anglia has a top speed of 74-75 m.p.h. and is said to give a fuel consumption of 44 m.p.g. when running with a full load at 50 m.p.h.

In the short test runs I have done so far I have not been able to verify these figures, but I have seen 80 m.p.h. on the speedometer and I found it possible to accelerate from 0-50 m.p.h. in about 16 seconds.

The unusual backward-sloping rear window is the key to rear seat space and comfort ahead of all foreign competition in this class. Suspension is conventional, with the excellent Macpherson struts at the front, as used on British Fords, and long four-leaf semi-elliptics at the rear. But the ride is a big advance on the old Anglia and after a time one begins subconsciously comparing the new Anglia with larger cars. The new four-speed gearbox is so smooth and quiet at about 50 m.p.h. in third that I can imagine some people used to three-speed Fords forgetting that they have another gear in reserve. Standard model costs £415 (£589 with tax), and the de luxe £430 (£610 with tax).

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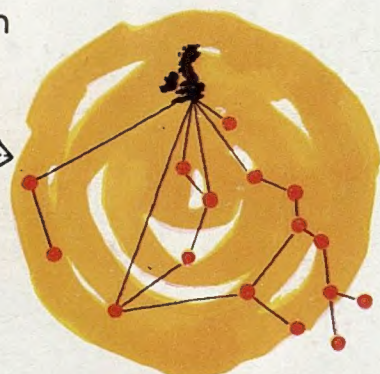
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